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The Literary Digest

FOR MARCH 13, 1937

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Mail

The Magazine

By VIVIAN CLAMOR—

THE LITERARY DIGEST is like a little brother to me. I can not get along *with* it; nor can I get along *without* it. It may be the death of me.

To-day, while thoroughly engrossed in THE LITERARY DIGEST, I walked into a busy street, causing four motorists, a truck-driver, a street car motorman and a messenger boy on a bicycle to use profanity and brakes. Naturally, I'm a bit weak in the knees.

Chicago, Illinois.

We have received letters from people who have given up some of the luxuries of life in order to subscribe to THE LITERARY DIGEST. But this is the first time we have heard of a reader nearly giving up life itself. We are glad the four motorists, the truck-driver, the motorman and the messenger boy all used their brakes as well as profanity, and trust Miss Clamor was reading one of our recent articles on Highway Safety.—*Editor.*

By the REV. J. A. McALPINE—

Your magazine has gone through the most interesting growing pains in the last four years. It was a matter for congratulation when you broke away from the old set form you had for years until 1933. Your covers now are the reflection of "a spark of genius," as one writer commented. Your articles now are really fine—just enough balance to give a good all-'round picture.

Gfu, Japan.

By PETER D. VISCO—

I feel it a privilege to be able to deal with the publishers of a magazine with so many

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worth-while facts on so many diverse subjects. Even a cursory reading of THE DIGEST suggests enough ideas to balance the amount paid for it. Brooklyn, New York.

By R. B. CORCORAN—

I find those who have been reading THE LITERARY DIGEST remarking on the improvement in the publication. They like it.
Tucson, Arizona.

By A. E. WRIGHT—

The present LITERARY DIGEST is far superior to the old-style publication, and we enjoy it from cover to cover. Keep up the good work. Los Angeles, California.

By C. H. WHEELER—

If the subscription had run out a year or two ago, I probably would not have cared to renew it. But you have changed the magazine so it is much more interesting now.
Hanford, California.

By FREDERICK SEBOLD—

Wish to compliment you upon the rearrangement and improvement you have made in THE LITERARY DIGEST—it is now second to none. Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

By BJARNE ROSING—

I must compliment you on your magazine. For months it has been getting better and better, with so many very valuable and instructive articles, and such a wide range of subjects. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

By ERIC HEDBURG—

In the January 30 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, O. C. Weatherby makes the statement that the new format and style of THE LITERARY DIGEST is not up to the standard of the old publication. I protest. I have been a constant reader for thirty years and, now that you have quit cutting paper dolls and returned to a more popular cover, can see no justification for these false alarms.

I regret the exclusion of the weekly column of Associated Press news, which was a godsend to those of us living in isolated mountain regions where daily newspapers are unattainable for months, but your scientific, scholarly style of elaborating on current news topics such as the smudging of orange-orchards in California and the controversy over Health Insurance, more than makes up for this loss. I venture to state that the new magazine is, if anything, far superior to the old, that very few men in editorial chairs are equal to yours. I can hardly understand how you do it, unless you have access to some magic encyclopedia. Kingman, Arizona.

Mr. Hedburg should read "Between the Lines," prospectus of our "magic encyclopedia."—*Editor.*

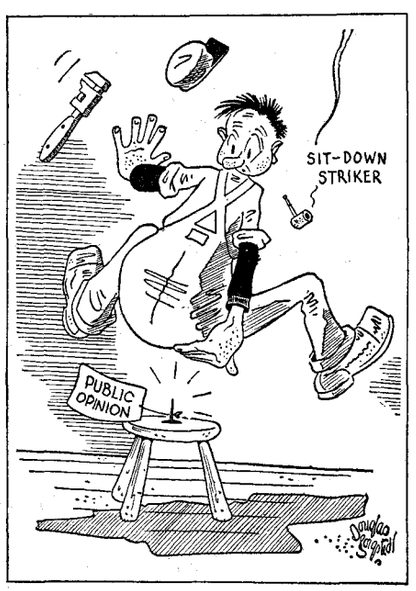
Divorce

By WILLIAM ISSENHUTH, Attorney—

I read with interest your article on State competition for divorces. It seems an amendment ought to be made fixing the minimum length of residence and the maximum number of grounds upon which divorce may be granted. The several States could reduce the number of grounds or even prohibit divorces entirely, but there could not be any divorce-mills established.

Many other laws ought to be made uniform by Congress with Constitutional authority—laws which apply to all States alike and which do not apply strictly to local conditions. The American Bar Association has formulated a number of "uniform laws" on various general subjects, and many States have adopted more or less of them, mostly without changes, but this manner of attempting uniformity is cumbersome and very unsatisfactory.

There is no good reason why all marriage, divorce, commercial and many other laws should not be made uniform wherever the American flag flies. Huron, South Dakota.



"IT CAN'T BE IGNORED"
—Portland Evening Express

Air Conditioning

By WILLIAM B. HENDERSON, Executive Vice-President, Air-Conditioning Manufacturers' Association—

The article on air-conditioning in the February 20 issue is informative and is interestingly written. But the choice of heading, "Pasteurized Air," is confusing and unfortunate. I feel sure that after reference to any standard dictionary you will agree that the adjective "Pasteurized" is hardly applicable to air-conditioning. Also, your writer neglected to mention air-cleaning as an important function of true air-conditioning.
Washington, D. C.

Social Credit

By ERNEST J. ATTER—

The article on the "test" of the Townsend Plan in your issue of February 6 concluded with mention of a "like scheme labeled 'Social Credit' in Alberta, Canada."

Your reference to the "prosperity certificate" scheme of Mr. Aberhart as merely "labeled 'Social Credit' " is correct. The Alberta Government has appropriated the label and attached it to a spurious substance.

Of the Aberhart depreciating money, Maj. C. H. Douglas, founder of true social credit, recently stated: "It is fantastically unsound in theory. It is based on the fallacy that a money system in itself should mold thought. On the contrary, it should reflect fact. Further, there is no conceivable relationship between the fact that an individual refrains from spending a dollar, and his bearing a 30 per cent. tax. If his 'saving' means anything at all, it means he has reduced consumption, not increased it, and his tax should be borne by the alternative buyer. . . . The device is the embodiment of deductive logic at its worst." Carmel, California.

Chicago Schools

By WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, Superintendent of Schools—

Many thanks for that splendid article entitled "Home Work Ho" which appeared in the Education Section of THE LITERARY DIGEST for February 13. It is one of the most accurate accounts which have appeared in the press or elsewhere. Chicago, Illinois.

By A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER—

In the issue of February 13 you report on the changes in the Chicago schools. Evidently your information did not come from a classroom teacher. The so-called elimination of home work affects only the new freshmen who come in this month.

For study periods in the Chicago schools, pupils are herded into assembly halls, lunchrooms, and any other available places where often the light is poor, and there is no provision made for writing. I have seen pupils kneeling on the floor and using the seat as a desk.

With the reduction of subjects which a pupil may carry from four majors and an art or music minor, to three and a minor, the outcome is certain to be a reduction in the number of teachers. One teacher will take care of the attendance of eighty to 200 pupils in study, instead of thirty in a class.

Since often there are sixty or more pupils who do not report daily, it takes most of the period to check attendance and prepare absence slips; so where is the time to supervise study? The pupils may wish to study French, and the teacher is prepared in history. How can the pupil receive any help?
Chicago, Illinois.

No Blasphemy

By the REV. EARL A. BLACKMAN—

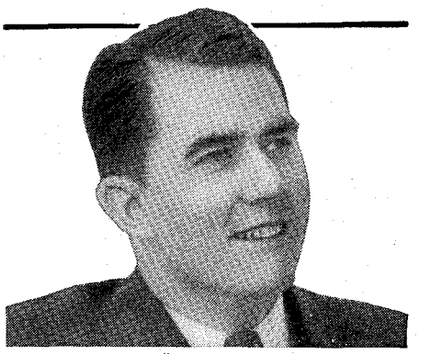
With THE LITERARY DIGEST'S reputation for stating and presenting facts with accuracy and fairness, it seems quite incredible that it would print the Sinclair Lewis-defying-God incident as it did in a recent issue.

It happened that I was the minister who presided at that meeting. Lewis did not enact a bit of "seriocomic blasphemy," he was seriously satirizing certain ministers who were saying that God had struck Luther Burbank dead because Burbank had once said that he could not believe in immortality. Burbank and Lewis were close personal friends. What Lewis did say was (I quote from memory):

"How could a God of Love strike dead a man like Luther Burbank—a man who has brought such beauty and benefit to the world? If He is that kind of a God, I should think He would pick on a younger man—for instance, I am only forty-one and I am *really* dangerous. Why doesn't he strike me dead, instead of a grand old man like Luther Burbank, who at seventy-three was about through anyhow? By the way, this might be a good time for Him to do it. Let's see if He will within the next ten minutes!"

So saying, he laid his watch on the stand in front of him and went on talking about something else. Kansas City, Missouri.

HOW AMERICA SAVES MONEY ON USED CARS!



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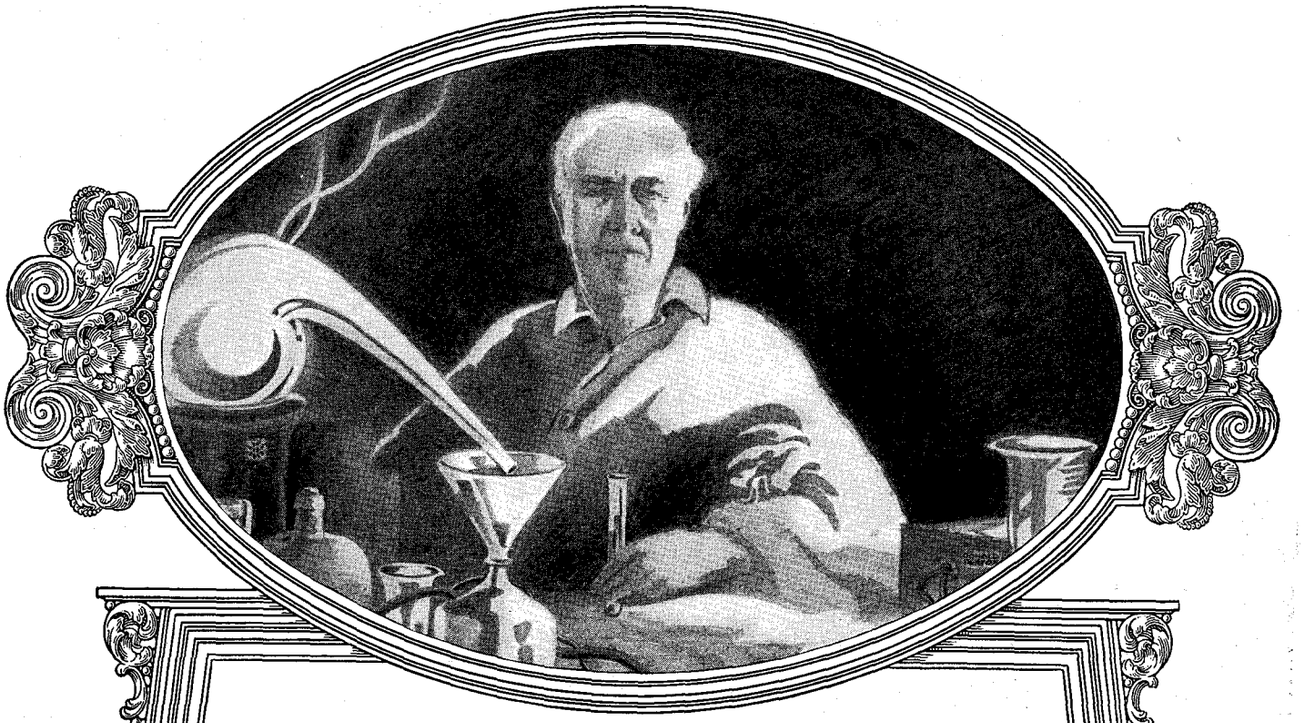

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MARCH 13, 1937

Topics of the day

CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT FIGHT EBBS

States Hesitate to Ratify Despite President's Appeal

"This thing is dead and all the pressure in the world will not be able to pass it," observed a member of the New York Assembly last week. The "thing" was the Child Labor Amendment. It had steamed through the Senate under power provided by Governor Herbert H. Lehman and the Amendment by the remaining twelve States whose action is necessary to place it in the Constitution is the obvious way to early achievement of our objectives?"

Kentucky showed that it agreed by ratifying five days later. Then Nevada, New Mexico and Kansas* joined the circle of

Acme and courtesy National Child Labor Committee

For thirteen years the battle has raged over regulating child labor . . . minors continue working in mines, in mills, as newsboys and in sweat-shops

State's Party whips, only to bog down in the lower chamber. Its most optimistic supporters were ready to concede that when the final vote is taken this week the Amendment will fail of ratification for the thirteenth time in thirteen years.

They were almost prepared to make another concession: That, pigeonholed by as important a State as New York, there was only one chance in a hundred of the Twenty-Second Amendment being tacked on the Constitution during 1937. And this despite the aggressive support of the President of the United States.

On January 8, Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote to Governors of nineteen States whose Legislatures had not yet ratified the Amendment but might conceivably do so this year: ". . . Do you not agree with me that ratification of the Child Labor assenters and raised the grand total to twenty-eight. Of seventeen other States whose Legislatures meet in regular or special sessions this year, three (North Carolina, South Dakota, Texas) have rejected ratifying resolutions; seven (Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York) have had resolutions introduced, and seven (Georgia, Rhode Island, Alabama, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, Florida**) have taken no action.

The thirteen-year-old battle to ban child labor under the Constitution is only a late chapter in the story of juvenile workers in America. In 1813 a law was passed in Connecticut requiring instruction in the three R's for children working in factories. There were various other abortive attempts at local regulation during the next eighty-seven years, but not until the census of 1900 revealed that there were a million and a quarter working boys and girls in the country was there serious thought about Federal legislation.

In 1907, the forensic Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana rose beside his desk in the United States Senate and held the floor for three days while he denounced the hiring of minors. Theodore Roosevelt threw his support behind the child labor foes' bloc two years later by asking Congress to establish a Federal Children's Bureau, but nothing came of it. In 1916, finally, President Wilson was able to sign a bill prohibiting shipment in interstate commerce of goods mined or quarried by children under sixteen, manufactured or canned by children under fourteen, or by those under sixteen working at night or over forty-eight hours a week.

Amendments—The Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional in 1918. Immediately the Congressional hopper was stuffed with a variety of amendments establishing age limits for juvenile workers. Sen. Samuel M. Shortridge of California teamed with Rep. Israel M. Foster of Ohio on a joint resolution which had the blessing of two late influential legislators, George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania and Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, and a distinguished Committee of lawyers, labor leaders and churchmen. In 1924 the resolution had a bruising passage through Congress and went to the States.

In the cases of the Prohibition, Lame Duck and Repeal Amendments, Congress stipulated that they had to be ratified within seven years. Child Labor carries no such rider, hence has become the hardy perennial among legislative flowers. There have been 133 unsuccessful attempts to jam it through legislative bodies.

Few men will deny that the average child is better off in school than at work beside plow or spindle. The Child Labor Amendment embodies this principle in just fifty-three words.

"The Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

"The power of the several States is unimpaired by this Article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

Opposition—Whence and why, then, the opposition?

Upon receipt of President Roosevelt's letter, Gov. Charles F. Hurley of Massachusetts replied tartly that the proposed Amendment "would confer on Congress the right to legislate in almost every department of human activity." Connecticut's white-haired patriarch, Gov. Wilbur D. Cross, declared

*Where the new Democratic Lieutenant Governor, William Lindsay, cast the deciding vote after a twenty to twenty tie in the Senate.

**Florida Legislature does not convene until April.

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that he preferred first to find a solution to the problem "through the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution." Nicholas Murray Butler dispatched letters of his own to the nineteen Governors expressing a fear that the Child Labor ban was "one more of the radical proposals to undermine our social and political order."

Without the vigorous and unceasing support of members of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, however, isolated opposition could never have kept the Child Labor Amendment bottled up for thirteen years.

In 1924, a week before Massachusetts was to conduct a referendum on the Amendment, His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston ordered a letter opposing the measure read in every parish in his diocese.

This début of the Church in the lists with the opposition ranks caused a considerable flurry. Monsignor John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America had been a prominent member of the Committee which helped to draft the Shortridge-Foster Resolution. One of the founders of the National Child Labor Committee, which has always done most of the fighting on behalf of the Amendment, was His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

To-day this difference of opinion within the Church is just as marked. Three weeks ago the Most Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, Bishop of Albany, and His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes of New York City, were able to muster so much Catholic opinion against the Amendment that a score of New York Assemblymen, previously warm to the Amendment, decided at the last moment to vote against it.

Church Support—Yet only last month the Most Reverend Robert E. Lucey, Bishop of Amarillo, Texas, made a special appearance before a group of Knights of Columbus in support of the Amendment. The Catholic Citizens' Committee is just as strong for the measure.

Backers of the Amendment hammer on three points (1) that only Federal regulation will eliminate exploitation of minors by unscrupulous employers, (2) that only Federal regulation will end the serious competition from minors which adults face to-day in certain industries, (3) that only Federal regulation will keep children in school, where they belong.

They lift figures from the census of 1930 and use them as statistical props: One of every nine children from ten to seventeen, a total or 2,145,959, were registered as being "gainfully employed."

State legislation can not correct this condition, they argue. Nine States, through various exemptions, permit children under fourteen to work in factories to-day; eight permit a nine- to eleven-hour day for children between fourteen and sixteen; eleven allow children of this age to work until 8 P.M. or later; thirty-four have no regulation of employment of boys and girls in hazardous occupations.

Most of the child workers in 1930 were on farms: Paid laborers numbered 20,803; 575,379 received no remuneration for chores on family farms. In industry, minors were most heavily concentrated in iron and steel, cotton mills, food trades, and leather and shoe industries. Office and clerical work drew 90,362 boys and 81,820 girls. Telephone operators under eighteen numbered 16,891. There were 34,882 boys making deliveries of one sort or another. Of the total of 38,576 newspaper hawkers, 28,456 were under eighteen.

Proponents of the Amendment hold that each of these groups has increased substantially in the last seven years. National Recovery Act codes kept employers from hiring children, they say, but when NRA died this evil experienced a rebirth. Their proof: A report from the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor showing that work permits to fourteen- and fifteen-year-old minors increased 150 per cent. after the invalidation of NRA.

During thirteen years of bickering over the subject of how and why children should be taken off farms and out of factories, few have bothered to get expressions of opinion from the children themselves on how they feel about it all. Last week hundreds of boys and girls questioned by THE LITERARY DIGEST in ten States which have not ratified the Amendment had the following to say:

A newsboy (aged 15): "I don't see any harm in work like this. . . ." A magazine salesman (11): "I don't have to work but I like to because I like to go to the movies. . . ." A telegraph messenger boy (16): "Losing $9 a week will be tough. . . ." A truck-driver (17): "I'd like to go back to school if I didn't have so many dependents. . . ." An office boy (17): "If a guy had a chance to get a start and the Child Labor Amendment kept him from taking it, I wouldn't think much of the Amendment. . . ." A bootblack (14): "They ought to let a fellow work after school, if he needs the money. But they should see that he gets an education. . . ." A hobo (16): "I don't like school because I used to get kicked out about twice a month. If I want to eat I've got to sell papers or something. . . ." An Omaha telegraph messenger boy (16): "All the kids on the messenger force in this town who are under 18 are afraid the law will pass. . . ." A Five-and-Ten clerk (16): "If the amendment passes I'll probably stay at home, or maybe I'll get married. . . ." A worker in a garment factory (17): "My old man would kick me out of the house if I quit work. . . ."

STEEL BOWS: Lewis and His C.I.O. Break Through the Open Shop Wall

Steel—"the crouching lion in the path of labor"—extended a friendly paw last week.

Only last July, steel leaders had taken full pages in newspapers throughout the country, stating their antipathy to labor-unions. Small wonder then that people were amazed eight months later to read that the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, had signed a one-year agreement with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee.

Questions were myriad. Was this another victory for John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization? Had Washington, by direction of the White House, steered the steel magnates? Or had industrial leaders, unwilling to risk the cost of a strike this year, finally broken the open shop precedent set up by Andrew Carnegie and Judge Elbert Gary and the elder J. P. Morgan?

Regardless of the true "inside story,"

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Myron C. Taylor plays role in conferences which end with dent in Steel's labor wall

it was John L. Lewis who captured public and press credit for the victory. Following gains in the rubber, glass and automobile industries, he was believed to be well on his way to the goal of organizing industrial labor in the United States.

Next?—With steel and coal talking terms, the textile and oil industries are next. Then what? John L. Lewis expects to have more than 3,000,000 adherents before Christmas, easily surpassing the American Federation of Labor in membership. Then—on and on, until all the 30,000,000 workers in the country are organized?

Little by little, the about-face of steel was revealed. President Roosevelt had conferred with Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. Taylor had conferred privately with John L. Lewis. Meanwhile, 250 organizers were busy with workers, many local company unions deserting to join the C.I.O.

Forty-eight hours before Carnegie-Illinois announced establishment of the forty-hour week and a $5 daily wage, Edward Francis McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, met executives of U. S. Steel.

A shortage of steel had resulted at Navy Yards because the manufacturers were not taking up government bids. Under the provisions imposed by the Walsh-Healey Act, manufacturers said they could not operate profitably. When they refused to negotiate, McGrady warned that the Government had no other recourse than to order a public hearing on the controversy.

No Ships—Seven destroyers, three submarines were to be built. Twenty-five million pounds of steel were needed. Only 7,000,000 had been offered for bidding thus far.

McGrady implied that the full story of the dispute would be aired and Congressional leaders called. Meanwhile, he added that the Government would examine closely all steel exports to determine the amount going to aid other countries in

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building up their navies. Steel executives still hesitated.

McGrady returned to Washington. Forty-eight hours later, the agreement with the union was announced. What happened in the interim has not been told; all that is known is that the antiunion front in steel has been broken, industry will now bid for the Navy's steel, and Myron Taylor is rumored for an Ambassadorial position.

Soon afterward, Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, announced that company officials would meet with officers of the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, another C.I.O. affiliate. On March 15, company officials and labor representatives will sit down to discuss national collective bargaining for the 60,000 employees.

Automobiles—In the automobile industry, the United Automobile Workers of America, conferring with General Motors, claimed to be the sole bargaining agency for the 67,000 employees of the Chrysler Corporation. Union officials presented the resignations of 103 out of 120 employee representatives on work councils in the Detroit area. These resignations read:

"The great majority of our constituents are heartily in favor of the U.A.W.A. being the sole bargaining agency to represent them."

President Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., issued a message to all workers that the pay increase at General Motors was not owing to recent union negotiations, that the existing agreement permitted the union to negotiate only for its members.

The biggest question mark on the automobile-labor front remained Henry Ford, reported vacationing at his newly completed winter home in Bryan County, Georgia, twenty miles from Savannah.

Several weeks ago, he had advised workers to "shun unions."

"International financiers," he declared, "are behind the labor-unions because they want to control industry and kill competition. They are the cause of all these strikes.

"A man loses his independence when he joins a labor group of any kind, and he suffers as a result. Competition in industry will guarantee workers a fair wage, but labor-unions destroy this competition."

Dotted Line—John L. Lewis has stated that he expects to have Henry Ford's name on the dotted line before Christmas. The important question now is whether Ford will reverse his earlier stand.

Henry Ford will be seventy-seven on July 30; his ideas and views on labor have always remained individual.

Will Henry Ford close the doors when John L. Lewis knocks? At present, any answer seems to augur fresh headaches for Michigan next winter.

Despite the announcement of the steel truce in Pittsburgh, strikes continued to break out in various industrial centers. Akron plants of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company were closed when the United Rubber Workers demanded that their local be recognized as sole collective bargaining agent for 10,000 workers. A mass meeting of nearly 4,000 union members voted the measure.

Battle — In Washington, increasingly alarmed and annoyed by C.I.O. activities, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, planned a fight to the finish with John L. Lewis.

To marshal his forces, he summoned fifty crack organizers. He demanded of all State and local labor councils that they choose between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O.

Defections in the shoe and leather and aluminum industries led the list of local unions changing allegiance from conservative Green of horizontal craft-unions to progressive Lewis of vertical industrial unions.

Pleased with his victory against "the rapacious Moguls of corporate industry," Lewis returned to Washington to further plans of the C.I.O., and assist the President in his Supreme Court demands.

The Labor Chieftain's busy schedule calls for furthering the gains made in the automobile, steel and coal spheres. On April 1, his Committee will begin a drive to unionize the workers of the Southwest oil-fields. A meeting of the oil union affiliate is to be held in Houston, Texas, to plan procedure. Of modest strength, the Oil and Refinery Workers Union hopes to wedge in the territory dominated by Standard, Sinclair, Shell and Gulf.

Next will be the attempt to unionize the shoe industry in New England and Missouri.

To the South—Then will follow Lewis's biggest task of the year—the drive to unionize the Southern textile mills. Previous attempts in the South have been marked by violence, small success.

A long, hard fight lasting from eight to twelve months is expected. Reason? The diversified ownership and vast area covered by the industry, employing some 1,250,000 persons. Present plans call for formation of a Textile Workers Organization Committee, headed by Sidney Hillman, Russian-born President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and one of the founders of the C.I.O.

Lewis and his aids expect less opposition to their campaign from New England than from the South. The textile industry has been steadily drifting away from New England to reestablish itself in the South, taking advantage of cheaper labor.

Another obstacle is the attitude of the workers themselves toward unionization. The United Textile Workers group, which left the A.F.L. to become affiliated with the C.I.O., has had little success in unionizing the mill-workers. The union now has fewer than 80,000 of the 1,250,000 employees.

Public—While steel stocks soared to new high levels and the price of steel mounted, cries were heard that "the public will pay, after all, for this steel truce."

Meanwhile, leading figures in signing the agreement sat back for a brief respite. The first two men in forty-five years to sit down to a formal conversation as representatives of steel and labor were Benjamin Franklin Fairless, President of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, and Philip Murray, Chairman of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

Both are coal-miners' sons. Ruddy-cheeked Fairless was born forty-seven years ago in Pigeon Run, a coal-mining village near Massillon, Ohio, where his father worked in the mines. When he was five years old, his parent told the neighbors: "I have one boy who will never mine coal." Educated at the high school of Justus, Stark County, Fairless later attended Wooster College and Ohio Northern University. Putting himself through college by teaching, he emerged with a degree in engineering, extracurricular honors as a star baseball catcher.

His first real job was as engineer for the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad. Then he went to Central Steel at Massillon as transit man. Specializing in study of alloys, he advanced rapidly. At forty, he became First Vice-President of Republic when it merged in 1930 with Central Alloy.

Employer of thousands, he is a student of red-hot detective stories, smokes nickel cigars, likes sentimental music.

Scot—Philip Murray, on the other hand, was born fifty-one years ago in Lanarkshire, Scotland. At ten years of age, he was in the mines. At sixteen, the family moved to America. He went to work in the Keystone Coal and Coke Company mines in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

When eighteen, he punched the weighmaster in the nose, started a small riot. As a result, 600 miners made him President of their newly organized local of the United Mine Workers of America.

Educated by correspondence courses, Murray advanced steadily as a labor leader. President Wilson made him a member of the War Labor Board. In 1921, President Harding used him to side-track a civil war in Mingo County, West Virginia, with 10,000 miners in revolt.

"He has no peer in the coal industry in his knowledge of local conditions in all districts," Lewis once said of Murray, who earns $9,000 yearly as an official of the United Mine Workers.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS:

Charles Evans Hughes Grows in Stature in Court Fight

Barring the inundation of the White House by the Potomac River, or the announcement that Jim Farley had bought a quail farm in Virginia and was about to retire from public life, the biggest human interest item out of Washington any given

Wide World

Three-quarters of a century of regularity echo in the tap, tap of Hughes's malacca cane

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week would be news that Charles Evans Hughes had taken to roller-skating on the Capitol grounds. Such is the gravity of mien with which the incumbent Chief Justice of the United States has filled an office steeped in 148 years of dignity.

Tho no one accuses his eight associates of being chuckle-witted or of an inveterate addiction to horse-play, judicial solemnity seems to rest more naturally on the Chief Justice's lofty brow. This is due in part to erect carriage, a long stride, and the habit of carrying a stick; in part to the sobriety commonly associated with snow-white hair, eyebrows and beard.

Even amid the hurly-burly of contentious debate the like of which the country has not seen since a blustery day in March, 1857, when the austere Roger Brooke Taney ruled that slaves were property and as such should be protected in new territories acquired by the United States, the Chief Justice has remained dignified, cool and composed.

Last week, he assumed rank beside the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as one of the "must sights" for visitors to the Capital. But if sightseers who elbowed their way into the awesome court chamber to hear the Nine on the Gold-Clause Abrogation Resolution expected to see dramatic evidence of the Chief Justice's fear of, or hostility to, judicial reorganization, they were disappointed. There was no sign of nerves.

Restrained—This was to be expected, for Hughes is phlegmatic, attuned through three-quarters of a century of living to regularity and restraint. As he remarked last April on his seventy-fourth birthday: "I am going along without reference to the calendar." It would take a more catastrophic occurrence than a birthday to draw him off his dawn-to-dusk course.

As a New York corporation attorney, Hughes paid $50,000 a year rent for a Fifth Avenue apartment. As Chief Justice of the United States, his annual salary is less than half what he used to pay his landlord. His Washington home (which he owns) is a fourteen-room stone and stucco dwelling at 2223 R Street, Northwest. Like other Washington residences that blossomed before the turn of the century, the first floor of the Hughes home consists of an entrance hall and study in the front, and servants' quarters in the rear; on the second floor are a reception-room, dining- and drawing-rooms; on the third, the bedrooms.

Against this stolid Victorian background, the Chief Justice eats, sleeps and thinks. At 6:30, a light rap on the door by one of his aging retainers announces that it is time for him to throw aside the silk coverlet and face a new day. He arises, washes vigorously, then combs out the most famous hirsute adornment in the United States.

His beard was once his bread, according to a story. After receiving his degree at Brown University, he applied for a job as teacher of Greek at a small college in Delhi, New York. "You couldn't make students believe you are a professor," the President of the college said. "You have no more hair on your face than an egg." Disconsolate, Hughes went away. Some months later he returned with a fine set of red whiskers that could leave no doubt as to his professorial attainments. It was these whiskers which, during the 1916 Presidential campaign, gave the Republican candidate's opponents a chance to label him an "animated feather duster."

After the beard combing comes what is probably the most important feature of the daily routine—limbering-up exercises, for what Hughes calls "girth control." For ten minutes he rises on his toes, settles back on his heels, rises on his toes. Toe-touching follows for another five minutes. Only after thus snapping himself out of lethargy does the Chief Justice feel equal to pinning a flower in his lapel and marching down-stairs to the plate of steaming cereal which he takes in the company of Mrs. Hughes. Very often he postpones breakfast long enough to get in a brisk morning constitutional.

By 9:30, he is ready to begin working. He withdraws to his study, where, under dim light and amid shelf upon shelf of buckram and limp-leather law-books, he goes through the day's mail—always heavy. Reading and dictation follow. Because Hughes's mind is the kind that comprehends readily and absorbs thoroughly, he wastes no time at his desk. Long ago, he adopted the custom of dividing and subdividing material into neat little stacks. Thus precedents on one phase of a case go into one pile, those on another phase into a second pile. This done, he proceeds through the stacks at high speed.

At 11:30, Wendell Mischler, the Chief Justice's gangling, scholarly secretary (formerly secretary to Chief Justice Taft), glides in to announce in a high-pitched voice that it is time to leave for the Court. Looking stern and lofty in his striped trousers, cutaway coat and white-piped vest, Hughes climbs into a twelve-cylinder Packard and rolls leisurely away from domestic comforts into the cold and logical life judicial.

Poached Eggs—The tap-tap of his malacca cane resounding through the marble corridors of the great Supreme Court Building, the Chief Justice goes directly to the mahogany robing-room adjoining his office and slips into $125 worth of judicial black silk. From noon until 2 o'clock, and again from 2:30 until 4:30, he is on the bench nodding in a friendly way to nervous attorneys, interposing questions once in a while, holding eloquent pleaders strictly within their time limits. During his half-hour lunch period he disdains, as do the Associate Justices, the elaborate kitchen provided by architects of the building; he finds all the nourishment he needs in two poached eggs, toast and lemon juice, cooked at home and shipped across town in the big Packard.

If it is Saturday, the Chief Justice's place is at the head of the table in the ornately carved, mahogany-paneled conference-room behind the Court chamber. Here he presides over the dignified, tho often heated, debate that precedes voting on cases before the high Court.

By 5 o'clock, the Chief Justice is home again, sipping tea with Mrs. Hughes. He finds it a great pick-up. It puts him in the mood for another hour's work at his desk before dinner. There may be more work after dinner.

Otherwise he is free to indulge his favorite hobby of reading. He reads quickly—newspapers and magazines, and one biography after another.

But no book can keep the punctilious Chief Justice up beyond his bedtime. By 10 o'clock, the light in the bedroom on the third floor is out, the silk coverlet once more tucked under the judicial chin.

VICTORY BLAST: President Makes Direct Radio Attack on Supreme Court

Friends and foes of the President's plan to enlarge the United States Supreme Court stopped counting Senate noses last week and sat back to wait for events to transpire. Public sentiment would determine ultimately whether the plan was to go through. The President's "Fireside Chat" and the Senate Judiciary Committee's hearings this week would channel public sentiment.

While housing, neutrality, wage and hour legislation, government reorganization, amendment of the Social Security Act, etc., piled up into a heavy legislative log-jam that promised to keep Congress in Washington for the longest session on record, orators continued to march before the microphones with additional contributions to the plethora of opinions on the Great Issue of 1937. Senator Copeland decided that the President's program was "clearly an effort to overturn the decisions which the Supreme Court, after due consideration, has rendered." WPA Administrator Hopkins labored the point that unless the plan went through, "work relief, drought relief and all the other things my part of the Government is engaged in may some day soon be stricken down by the Court."

Silence Broken—Senator Vandenberg came through with a ringing denunciation of the Administration proposal and thus broke the astute silence which Republican Congressmen have been maintaining to keep debate on the Great Issue from turning into a partizan dog fight. The next day, the twenty-seven members of the House who represent Pennsylvania caucused and decided to support as a unit the enlargement plan, when it comes up for the vote.

But the significant Court news of the week was reserved, as usual, for the President. At his party's "Victory Dinner" he put aside once for all time the cloak of the necessity for "judiciary reform" and attacked the high tribunal openly for "vetoing" his farm and social legislation. So direct was the attack that it seemed to preface an onslaught on the Supreme Court's power to pass at all on the validity of Acts of Congress.

Said the Republican Boston *Herald:* "President Roosevelt said in effect, 'To hell with the United States Supreme Court! I know what I want and I am going out to get it.' It was . . . the most passionate outburst of his career. . . ."

"The speech appealed not to the reason of his audience but to its prejudices . . ." added the Cleveland *News.* The Kansas City *Journal-Post* thought it "entertaining to watch a leader who was a Pollyanna four months ago wringing his hands now."

FLYING GOLD: There's Platinum, Too, in Alaska as Wings Supplant Dogs in Rush

Dogs, oxen, goats, pack-horses, burros, scows, river steamers, rope-tramways, sledges with sails and the old reliable shank's mare rushed frenzied humanity to the Klondike just thirty-nine years ago. To-day, Alaska has another gold-rush and

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aviation has knocked out anything slower than wings.

There is good news from Goodnews Bay. On a narrow strip of beach between Bering Sea and the jagged mountains, there is platiniferous earth, paying $3 a yard as miners' picks and shovels bite into frozen sand.

Tender-footed *chekakos* and horny-handed sour doughs are stampeding to the new strike in one of the first aerial gold-rushes. In a few hours, planes cover distances which took months of dog-team travel in the big rushes of the 'nineties. This is no poor man's rush, for equipment and supplies must be flown in.

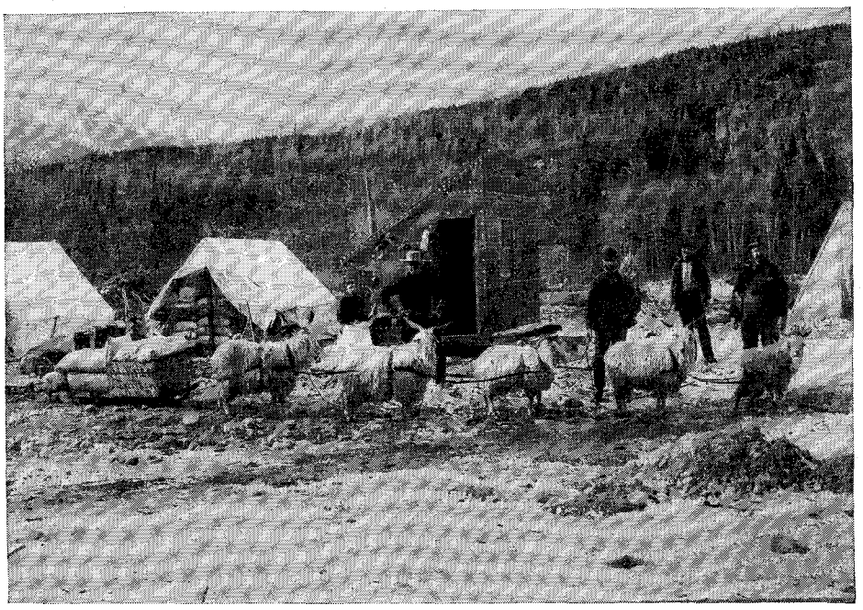
Seasoned sour doughs caught Pacific Alaska Airways planes at Fairbanks to stake claims along the beach sands and creeks and rivers draining into Kuskokwim Bay. Al Young and Joe Lorenger, who have been in nearly every mining-camp since '98, have struck rich samples. R. M. Courtenay of Anchorage, former Commissioner at Circle City during the rush there, has staked Kuskokwim claims.

Prospecting for platinum along the narrow strip of beach adds zest to the latest Alaskan scramble, for platinum is worth $58 an ounce to gold's $35. All winter, excitement has been running high at Bethel. Nine planes are based there.

Four stores are doing land-office business, the motion-picture show is running every day, and Bethel has 500 instead of 150 population. After the spring thaw, air-planes will begin flying in equipment instead of prospectors. There are drills, for example, which may be taken apart for carrying by plane. No piece weighs more than 300 pounds.

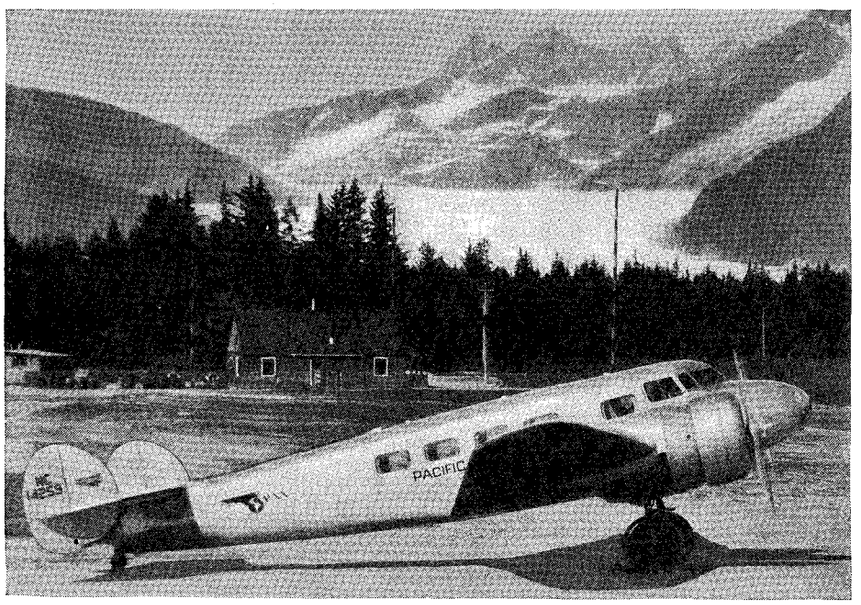
There never has been, probably never again will be, anything like the Alaska of the Klondike era. Then, it was a land of sweat and toil, with disappointment for most, El Dorado for the few. There were fortunes for the lucky, but even greed and ruthlessness couldn't unearth its richest treasures. Aviation made these accessible.

Distances have shrunk and it is no longer remote. Trackless *tundra* can be crossed in a matter of minutes or hours and impassable mountain barriers have become mere spectacles to look on. Romance, beauty and grandeur are there, but hardship has nearly vanished.



Brown Brothers

Goat-team express of Alaskan Klondike era stands little chance against . . .



more modern methods of swooping down upon the Alaskan gold-fields of 1937

Old-Timers—Sour doughs of the 1898 gold-rush put on a reunion last week at Batavia, New York. They made two momentous decisions:

1. There ain't no gold in the Seven Spring Lake district.
2. This has been a sissy winter.

There were shovels, picks, *parkas*, but no air-planes in the reunion. These sour doughs panned gold, didn't drill for it after a plane had flown in their tools.

Now, it's the aviator, not the old-timer, who takes the risk. Up in Alaska, they make money, tho some of the fliers are considering retiring to go in for gold-mining.

Aviation is dangerous. Only last week, Pilot Jack Elliott of Anchorage and a game warden were just flying along. Below, they spotted a coyote, but had no rifle to shoot it.

Jack swooped earthward, slammed into the coyote with one of his skis. He broke its back. Yet, old-timers think hunting gold by air-plane is sort of sissy.

POLYGRAPH PROOF: Illinois Murderer Dies Because of Governor's Belief in Test

Illinois' State executioner grabbed the polished black switch-handle and shoved it over to contact. Its copper blades drew flashes of electric blue. In the near-by death-chair, Joseph Rappaport, murderer and narcotic peddler, lunged forward, his body heaving as it snapped straps taut.

In eight minutes, physicians pronounced him dead. He had paid for the sordid slaying of Max Dent, government stool-pigeon. Two hours before, the Keeler Polygraph, so-called lie-detector, had sealed his doom by returning the same verdict as the human jury of his peers: "guilty."

Sitting in his cell last week playing pinochle with guards, the condemned killer looked up hopefully as a warden's key grated in the lock. Perhaps he thought his sister's tears had moved Gov. Henry Horner to grant a sixth reprieve. Instead, he looked at a keen young scientific criminologist who resembles Raymond Massey, Canadian actor.

The caller was Leonarde Keeler, thirty-three, assistant professor of law in psychology and research at Northwestern University. He put an odd-looking black boxlike machine, about two feet square, on the table.

Machine—The prisoner sat in his chair while Professor Keeler stood back of him. His face was tense as a rubber sack attached to quarter-inch rubber tubing filled with mercury was wrapped around his upper arm and inflated to midway between systolic and diastolic blood-pressures.

Jailers explained that Governor Horner, "great believer" in the Keeler Polygraphic tests of deception in criminals, would be guided in further reprieves by the machine which can't lie.

From the blood-pressure cuff, same as physicians use in examining life insurance

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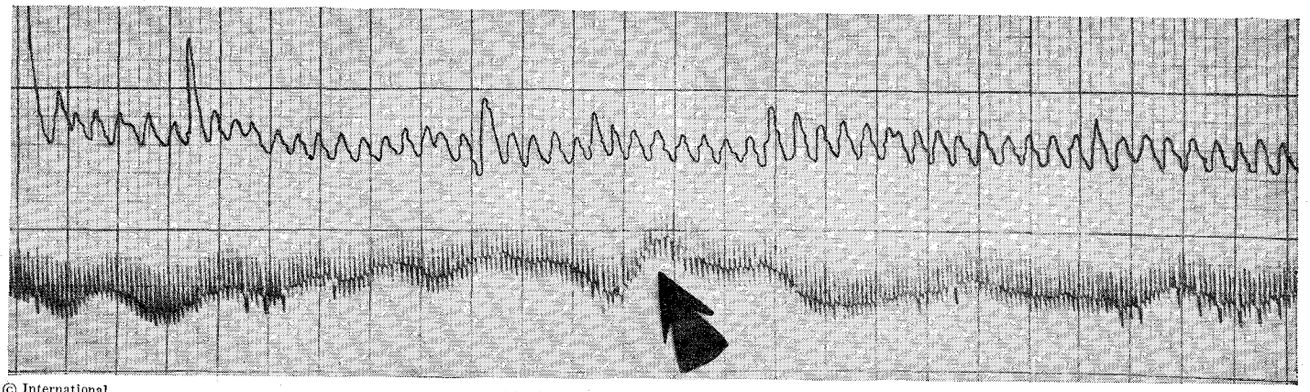

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A black arrow points to the jagged peak recorded on Professor Keeler's Polygraph depicting a lie which sent . . .

prospects, the mercury-filled tube led into a metal tambour to which was attached an ink-filled recording stylus. Around the convict's chest was wound another hollow rubber gadget, the pneumograph, connected with another pen.

These write on slowly moving graph-paper around a small drum, traveling from side to side placidly or rapidly, according to the mental reactions of the subject as reflected by his blood-pressure, breathing and muscular reflexes. All this on the theory that when a man lies, his blood-pressure jumps, he breathes heavily, his muscles twitch.

Test—Professor Keeler took a pack of playing-cards from his pocket, held one card in front of Rappaport's eyes and said:

"When I ask you if this is a card, say 'No.' "

"All right," grunted Rappaport.

"Is this a card?"

"No."

A jagged peak an inch high sprawled on the slowly moving paper tape. Eleven times the question was repeated. This was to ascertain the degree of blood-pressure increase evoked by a deliberate lie.

"Is your name Rappaport?"

"Yes."

The stylus flowed evenly across the slow-moving ribbon.

"Did you kill Dent?"

"No."

The pen dashed off an inch-high peak.

"Is your home in Cook County?"

"Yes."

The needles graphed an even course.

"Do you know who shot Max Dent?"

"No."

The needles quivered, flickering jagged lines on the tape—mute lines that sealed a murderer's fate.

In the Warden's office, Professor Keeler picked up the telephone and told Governor Horner:

Guilty—"On the basis of my findings, Rappaport is guilty."

Two hours later, the murderer died in the chair.

Professor Keeler's Polygraph is only one cog in Northwestern University's Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory. With its paraphernalia ranging from test-tubes and retorts to lathes and drills, it would delight a *Luther Trant* or a *Craig Kennedy*.

Professor Keeler once defended the Polygraph with an essay, "Debunking the Lie-Detector."

"To begin with," he wrote, "there is specifically no such thing as a lie-detector. There are no instruments recording bodily changes such as blood-pressure, pulse, respirator or galvanic reflex that deserve the name 'lie-detector,' any more than a

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Joseph Rappaport to the chair for murder

stethoscope, clinical thermometer or blood-count apparatus with a microscope can be called an 'appendicitis detector.'

"Laymen are led to believe that indicators jump in a defined manner when a subject lies, or that a little red light flashes, or that a bell rings.

"Certain so-called experts refer to their instruments as lie-detectors and give the impression that they really have such a device. However, deception, guilt or innocence can be diagnosed from certain symptoms just as appendicitis or any other physical disorder can be diagnosed."

Interpretation—Any one who can hear sounds on a stethoscope can operate the Polygraph, but it takes scientific training and experience to interpret the steady or jagged lines on the moving drum. Hence, it's obvious that an untrained detective couldn't diagnose deception on the Polygraph any more than he could detect tachycardia (abnormally rapid heart-action) through a stethoscope.

Professor Keeler demands that any one conducting tests on his Polygraph have at least eight months' training before operating it. That is the only condition under which he will sell his device.

Fifteen thousand persons have been tested in the five years the Polygraph has been in operation.

No claim ever has been made that the Polygraph is an absolute test of guilt or innocence, for it would be unwise to regard it as a superscientific instrument capable of solving all crimes.

Topics in Brief

"NUTS ELIGHTEN DEBATE in the Senate"—Head-line. It must be a misprint for "enliven."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS in Ethiopia to avenge a single bomb is slapping civilization on pretty thick.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BASEBALL has shot up to needing five-eighths of a morning page already, tho they're only lobbing the ball over, so far.—*Boston Globe.*

IT SEEMS CRUELTY to innocent sheep to keep them jumping over a fence all night just because one man can't go to sleep.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

NEITHER HAPPY nor any other kinds of returns were wished in the big rally at Louisville to bid the flood adieu.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

A SEA MONSTER has been chasing herring fishermen at Eastport, Maine, they say. It wouldn't be the Quoddy project, as this one moves.—*Portland Oregonian.*

IT IS DIFFICULT to keep an accurate check, but to-day it must be the Rebels' turn to drive the Government forces back in Spain.—*Wichita (Kans.) Eagle.*

NEW YORK is looking for novelties for its world's fair. Well, here's a thought. Take strip-dancers and reverse the process.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ, too, was seventy years old this month—an age at which our President thinks the judiciary loses its swing.—*Rochester (N Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

ACCORDING TO AN EXPLORER, a tiger will not harm you if you carry a white walking-cane. That might depend, we should think, on how fast you carry it.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

IT IS GOOD NEWS that religious freedom is coming back to Mexico. A free people do not need a Government to tell them to stay away from church.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

LABORITES IN PARLIAMENT oppose a pension for the ex-King, which seems ungracious. After all, didn't he visit the destitute miners and say tsk-tsk?—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

IF THE NATIVES of the dust bowl want some kind of a crop that will defy all powers of light and darkness and the inventions of man to uproot it, we recommend the dandelion.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal (Columbus).*

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GEISHA GIRLS STAGE SIT-DOWN STRIKE

Japanese Entertainers Enter Temple During Negotiations

Faint at first, a multitudinous clippety-clop swelled swiftly last week as hundreds of wooden *geta* (light clogs) pattered up stone steps of the mountain outside Japan's Pittsburgh, rich Osaka.

To their terrace above the industrial city's smoke-cloud shambled solemn Buddhist priests of Gyokuzo Temple, craning to see the cause of the clatter.

Swirling past the astonished priests into the twilight around the altar of Buddha —gay *kimonos* fluttering like butterfly-wings—streamed eighty—two hundred—five hundred of Osaka's 2,000 *geishas*,* all in a dither.

Spokeswoman among them, still breathless from her climb, explained that, "here we stay, even tho we starve," until keepers of the *machaii (geisha* dormitories) concede:

(1) Right to membership in the Geisha Guild.

(2) Freedom to reject undesirable clients seeking amusement.

Down on the shining floor sat the 500, spreading their kits of combs and cosmetics, strumming their *samisens* (long-handled, three-stringed, small-bodied guitars) and singing.

No common sit-down strike was this. Artists in individual entertainment, trained from childhood, usually with generations of *geisha* ancestry behind them, Nippon's *geishas* are one of the most highly intelligent and respected feminine groups in the land.

Patronized — Emperors have patronized them. Premiers, great financiers, marshals, generals, princes and poets seek their company as intellectuals and courtiers of eighteenth-century France frequented the salons of Mme. de Stael and the Marquise de Sévigné—with the difference that the *geishas* entertain, not in their homes, but in restaurants and tea-houses, and for pay. A great *geisha* can command $150 an hour. Many earn $50 an evening, tho the lower orders make only a few dollars.

Foreigners, unless as guests of the Government or of prominent and wealthy Japanese, never see the best; mistake for *geishas* every other variety of *femme de plaisir*, hear only of such as Katsutaro, pretty village *geisha* who turned singer and established a vogue which sold half a million records of a single song, and who causes Japanese on icy Manchuria's plains, Hawaii's pineapple plantations, California's fruit-farms to lean close when her delicate voice in sad nostalgic airs murmurs over the Tokyo radio.

First recognized as a definite class of artists in entertainment under the tenth Tokugawa Shogun in 1762, the *geishas* grew steadily in prestige through the restoration of power to the Emperor, through the opening of Japan to the outside world, through the country's modernization; received their first setback in 1926, when Emperor Hirohito barred them from their traditional participation in the Coronation Cortège.

Thousands of Japan's great men have married *geishas*. The Great Prince Ito, Marshal Prince Yamagata, the Marquis Okuma, three of the four Elder Statesmen making up the Council of Genro took *geisha* wives.

Schooled—Small wonder. For until recently, ordinary Japanese women were, in general education, untrained ignoramuses beside the *geisha*. "There is no great *geisha* who is not the daughter of a *geisha*," runs a Nipponese axiom.

Taken into the schools, the most famous being at Kyoto, at the ages of nine to eleven, young girls, called during their apprenticeship "Ochobo," are rigorously trained not only in the obvious arts of singing and dancing, but in reading human emotions until they are "more sensitive than a seismograph" and can, as one Japanese writer explains, "step into a room of 100 persons and tell in a split second the social background, rank, interests and character of every one present."

Tho secluded from first-hand contact with the world they must be able not only to converse entertainingly on any subject from shipping or politics to poetry and drama, but to direct the conversation, wittily and lightly.

On call for tea-house parties and banquets the higher *geisha* constantly meets and talks through the evening with Cabinet Ministers, Colonial Governors, financiers, scientists, the foremost literary men, explorers, generals and admirals.

News Vendor—The sum of information a leading *geisha* can assemble is colossal. So informed are they, by tradition, that over half a century ago, when Japan had no press and the whole Empire was a vast intrigue among feudal *Machiavellis*, the ruling Shogun used the *geishas* as the clearing house for information on friend and foe.

Taciturn and secretive among themselves, the intriguers were no match for these past-mistresses of the art of playing on the moods of men. They could read in gestures of hands, shifts of posture and the slightest changes of expression all the thoughts of their clients. All the Shogun wished to know they were able to learn.

"She held a reserved command over our small party," writes Miriam Beard, in "Realism in Romantic Japan" of a *geisha* who had been "favorite of one of the nation's grand old men for years."

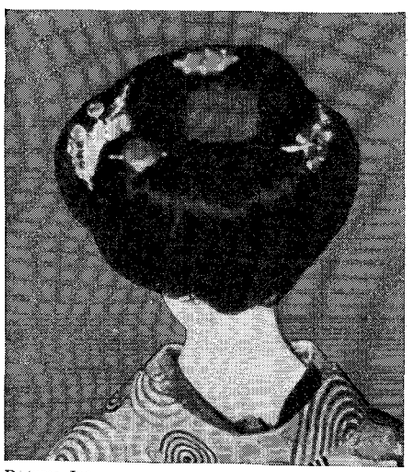
Shrewd, poised, brightly tactful, neglecting no one, planting retorts and questions, laughing with quiet amusement, she gossiped with a banker, a novelist, a diplomat and Western women of proletarian novels, of the premier's next move, of the current vogue in cosmetics; but when questioned directly she revealed some of the dissatisfaction animating the sit-down strikers in Gyokuzo Temple.

"We are too much at the mercy of individual patrons," she explained. "All our relations are personal. It would be better for us to be like your Western *geisha*, who pleases a large audience, draws her salary, is free to come and go as she chooses . . . We have so little liberty, we see the world only through the men we meet. We are so dependent, so tired of it."

Prayers—In Guyokuzo Temple in Osaka's mountain, the 500 little sitters-down repeated prayers to Bishaimon, one of the seven deities of good fortune drafted from Hinduism by Buddha; taken over, with Buddhism, by Japan.

Sympathizers from all over the Empire

*Literally: "Person of amusing accomplishments."



Pictures, Inc.

A head-dress as distinctive and amazing . . .

Court Japan in Pictures

as the geisha girl herself whose . . .

Keystone

beauty and perception captivate intellectuals

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showered the temple with letters and telegrams. More practical sympathizers among Osaka's *geisha* patrons sent columns of *coolies* loaded with choice viands puffing up the hill.

Since *geisha* appetites are birdlike, and Osaka business men's gifts of food were opulent, danger of starvation for the pretty sitters-down seemed remote.

Their hosts, the Buddhist priests, at once pleased and embarrassed by the fluttering horde of diminutive artists monopolizing their temple, strove to negotiate for them with their employers.

At dawn Friday came tragedy. As scores of her colleagues stripped for a ritual, preprayer purification plunge into the temple's icy open-air bathing-pool, pretty twenty-two-year-old Fukoko Miyamoto, remembering how lost causes in Japan have often been saved by suicides of their champions, walked secretly and alone down the mountain, drank poison, died.

News of her death flashed back to the temple while the strikers were praying, prostrate on the hard floor, for victory. To the Police Prefecture they marched in a body, petitioned the Director to end the strike by authorizing formation of the Geisha Guild, and planned for Fukoko Miyamoto such a funeral as is accorded only to national heroines.

Victory—Miss Miyamoto's suicide accomplished its purpose. By Japanese tradition, proof of willingness to die, not in the heat of battle, but in the chill of solitude, is a trump card in almost any cause. Such proof as she gave elevated the *geisha* strike far above the level of mere labor trouble, gave it an almost holy quality.

Public opinion, good-naturedly on the side of the girls, now blew white-hot and demanding. Fearing a wave of unpopularity if they continued to resist, the *geishas'* employers hurriedly agreed to the formation of an autonomous Geisha Guild; stipulating, to save face, that Tomi Ando, walkout leader, should hold no important office therein. Miss Ando flipped her fan, led the strikers down the mountain.

RUMANIA NODS: King Carol Balked in Demand That the Nations Recall Envoys

Corneliu Codreanu, the railway watchman's son who made himself chief of the Fascist Iron Guard, controls Rumanian students so well that when he decrees a holiday—or interlude for terrorism—the universities shut down. They shut down last week—but not under the Leader's orders.

The Government, which for three years has calmly accepted the outrages of the legally-banned organization, was finally forced to act by the attempted murder of Prof. Trajan Ratu, Rector of Jassy University. Three youths who stabbed him admitted they acted for Codreanu. Authorities thereupon closed the colleges until they could enforce a new law expelling Party members, and called upon the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church to unfrock clergymen backing terrorists.

The band started out as the Legion of the Archangel Michael, white-robed night-riders who dashed into villages on moonlit nights, with the dynamic Codreanu on a white horse at their head, and preached extreme nationalism and anti-Semitism to frightened peasants. Then, in December, 1933, they killed the Premier, Ion Duca. The Government's ban merely induced them to change the white outfit for a leather-trimmed, green-shirted uniform, *à la* Hitler. Nazis presumably contributed more than their example—at any rate, the Iron Guard's expenditures flowed freely.

Barrier—"Iron Guard" refers, not to the body of armed men, but to a metal grille of Rumanian design, which they sport on their shirts with swastikas. It symbolizes the barrier they plan to erect between "efficient Government" and the corruption they charge is wasting the national life. It means, too, that Rumania is only for Rumanians—the minorities must be thrust beyond the grille. Jews must be forced from commerce and industry, and their lands distributed among Rumanian peasants. The same grille must separate King Carol from his red-haired Jewish friend Magda Lupescu.

Pictures Inc.

King Carol (portrait) and his Premier Tatarescu resented foreign envoys' salute to Nazism

Most of the country's 30,000 students joined the movement; unemployed graduates soon swelled the ranks, and the 800,000 German residents backed it solidly. Internationally, the Party backed a pro-Nazi policy, and last August succeeded in ousting the brilliant pro-French Nicholas Titulescu from the Foreign Office.

Encouraged, the students popped up with a demand that King Carol and his officials clamp down on communism—a movement of negligible force in the country. "The King and his directors of foreign policy," they proclaimed in a daring manifesto, "must guarantee with their heads the correct development of this policy. Should Rumanian youth be obliged to fight on the side of bolshevist Powers against the defenders of Christian civilization, they would rather slay the responsible leaders and then commit suicide."

Recruits—In spite of the threat, nothing happened to the organization, tho police arrested nearly fifty lawyers charged with communist activities. Meanwhile, the Iron Guard, like their fascist comrades in Italy and Germany, recruited men to fight beside the Spanish Insurgents. Two of them died in combat, and Codreanu staged a nation-wide demonstration when their bodies were brought home. He placed the coffins on a special train which toured the country while inflammatory orators stirred up riots in the principal towns.

Then he put on a funeral procession in Bucharest in which the German and Italian Ministers joined the marching mourners. Government and Opposition speakers in Parliament raged that Premier George Tatarescu should permit foreign envoys to mix in Rumania's internal affairs. King Carol demanded their recall, but Berlin and Rome argued in almost identic notes that the envoys' gesture was personal, not official.

Tatarescu at first submitted his resignation, then solved the crisis by assuming the Internal Affairs post himself and naming a new Minister of Justice.

That official, Vasile Sassu, moved against the students last week—perhaps because he dared not strike at Codreanu.

REGAL AWARD: Windsor Gets Settlement, Wallis Gets Precedence at Court—if

If she becomes Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson will outrank her husband's sister, the Princess Royal, and his sisters-in-law, the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent. Only King George, Queen Elizabeth, Dowager Queen Mary and the two little Princesses would precede her at the Court of St. James's, should she ever attend its functions.

Thus *Whitaker's Peerage* last week settled the grave problem.

On that equally grave crisis, the abdication of King Edward VIII, the historical book proved less informative. It said simply: "The year 1936 saw two proclamations of accession to the Throne and two Coronation proclamations, an experience unknown in the past five centuries, and with this rare occurrence there passed a very familiar title to the present generation, that of Prince of Wales."

Windsor recently voiced his own more illuminating obituary: "I always told the idiots not to put me in a golden frame!"

Latest rumors concerning the financial settlement over which the royal family were dickering indicate that the Duke of Kent, Edward's gayest and favorite brother, took back from Austria a final agreement. According to the stories, the family at first offered $120,000 a year for life, while the Duke demanded $5,000,000 outright. The compromise gave him $1,250,000, with a further yearly allowance of $60,000. Windsor reputedly was still furious over Queen Alexandra's emeralds, a valuable collection willed to him.

Pressure—He gave them to Mrs. Simpson, who supposedly returned them to Britain under government pressure. The Duke immediately ordered other jewels to replace the gift, and demanded that the family foot the bill, arguing that the emeralds were his personal property, not Crown jewels.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Simpson was ordering gowns from Molyneux's Cannes showing. With her usual *chic* (experts hold that her only sartorial weakness lies in sporting too many jewels at once), she chose a beige ensemble of basket-weave cloth, with a three-fifths-length coat and tight

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waistcoat; a simple, white-piped black wool frock with a bunch of snowdrops at the belt; and an evening gown in her favorite ice-blue. Her largest purchase, estimated at $3,000, was a knee-length silver fox coat with the furs running vertically. Not for her trousseau, some one explained, but to supplement her spring wardrobe.

Her rare excursions into Cannes night life continued, accompanied by stares, screened tables, and omnipresent photographers. At five minutes to 12, tho, the ex-King's favorite usually vanishes, *Cinderella*-like. An Austrian call comes to the Rogers villa between midnight and 3, and on the rare occasions when she is not there to answer, Windsor is reported to be both curious and annoyed.

NAZIS AFLAME: Mayor LaGuardia's Gibe at Hitler Stirs German Vituperation

Fiorello H. LaGuardia, stocky *Don Quixote*, ex-Congressman and now Mayor of New York, tilted his lance at Adolf Hitler last week.

It was at a Manhattan luncheon planned by the Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress. Michael Williams, Editor of the Catholic weekly *Commonweal*, had just suggested that the 1939 World's Fair include a building depicting the historic struggle for freedom of thought. The volatile little Mayor echoed the idea, adding:

"But with that temple dedicated to the progress of world religious freedom I'd have a chamber of horrors, and as a climax I'd have in it a figure of that brown-shirted fanatic who is now menacing the peace of the world."

Herr Hitler's followers, accustomed to only the most idealized representations of the stubby-mustached Leader in their wax-works museums, opened their dammed-up vituperation in a flood which engulfed His Honor's indiscretion.

Reaching for epithets *verboten* in even the shadiest fly-by-night American publications—pool-hall pungencies that would, indeed, have landed the authors in court for libel in nearly any other country but the *dritte Reich*—German newspapers took up the battle.

"Nausea"—*Der Angriff*, organ of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Propaganda Minister, led off: "The German public has had previous occasion to notice LaGuardia, despite the feeling of nausea that he arouses in our stomachs. His official activities in New York are manifested by the fact that gangsters, after having bribed him sufficiently, have become still more insolent than before in murdering, looting and in kidnaping children. Those activities have consisted largely during three and a half years in occupying the chair of the Jewish Boycott Committee and in insulting Germany. . . . But the climax is to be found in an orgy of insult before a thousand Jewish women, whom he fetched in from the streets, so that he might have an applauding audience. Of course this Jewish inciter and apostle, with his thieves' lodging-house intellect, can not understand what it means to insult the Leader of 70,000,000 people. One would think, however, that the White House in Washington would have sufficient power to forbid procurers who climb high to tell their dirty stories to a thousand women instead of to one woman.

"When *Der Angriff* writes on the confusion of races in America, on the infection of Freemasonry, or when this paper calls a commotion of three months in the automobile center of the Midwest latent civil war, then Washington protests hurriedly and eagerly.*

"It seems, however, that in their own country the men of the Government are afraid of the guns of the New York underworld, which obey the chief gangster master of the town as he whistles, and let the Jewish lout utter his abuses, as suggested to him by his dirty imagination."

The daily concluded its remarks—many of which are unprintable, in America, at least—with: "We do not intend to step down into the gutter from which LaGuardia gets his terms of abuse. . . . We might take an interest in American events which would not be too agreeable."

Acme

Herr Hitler in wax . . . a target for LaGuardia

"Dirty Talmud Jew!" screamed the Party organ, *Voelkischer Beobachter*.

In the Reich, the epithet Jew, Nazis' supreme insult, has even been hurled at Pope Pius. LaGuardia, who rules a city where Jews outnumber Germans nearly eight to one, has never considered the term insulting.

His father was Italian and he once said his mother, Irene Coen-Luzzatti, "undoubtedly had Jewish blood in her veins, but I never thought I had enough Jewish blood to justify boasting of it."

The Mayor, who aroused the Nazis two years ago when he refused a masseur's license to a German on the ground that Nazis discriminated against Jews, did not wilt under the latest German blast. Informed that the German Embassy had entered a protest with Secretary of State Hull, the ebullient Italian beamed. "They are absolutely right," he said. "They ought to protest. I know of no artist or designer who can adequately build, paint or carve anything that will adequately depict either the personalities of the Nazi Government, Hitler himself, or the type of Government he is giving."

The Germans clamored for action. "One thing is certain," the *Beobachter* insisted. "In the well-governed United States, such a criminal as LaGuardia should be made harmless—either placed in an insane asylum or in prison."

Mr. Hull did neither. Explaining that "in this country, the right of freedom of speech is guaranteed by the Constitution to every citizen and is cherished as a part of the national heritage," he nevertheless expressed the Government's regret.

Adamant—The fiery Mayor expressed no regret.

"I referred to a brown-shirted fanatic menacing the peace of the world," he snapped. "Mr. Hitler and his Government were quick to recognize whom I meant. I stand by what I said. I repeat it."

Nazi press fury, at first aimed at the Mayor only, widened its attack. Pages of Goebbels's *Angriff*, under the heading "That's America," were splattered with pictures of arrested gangsters, police fighting strikers, leggy chorus-girls; they derided a "mammoth capitalism which rides heartlessly by 12,000,000 unemployed freezing and starving to death in the gutters"; and raged on:

"We demand . . . courtesy . . . to which we have been accustomed for 2,000 years. This may seem strange, incomprehensible to a people who have the habit of putting their feet on the table, keeping their hats on in the room while spitting chewing-gum past people's faces against the wall. . . . We will not tolerate insults to the *Fuehrer*."

Berlin's *Nachtausgabe* screamed: "The German Nation will not accept any excuses based on supposed constitutional or internal political difficulties."

No. 1 Nazi anti-Semite Julius Streicher, in his *Frankische Tageszeitung*, redirected the attack on the Mayor with the accusation that the New York executive was "going into the big business of war."

*The American Embassy denied that it had voiced objections to German press attacks.

BABY BOOST: Mussolini Proclaims Easier Life for Child Bearers, Harder for Childless

More armaments, more babies—that is the war-cry of European dictatorships. Which comes first? Babies for cannon fodder, or cannons to protect babies?

Last week Premier Benito Mussolini, having proudly outlined his own life of moderation to United Press Correspondent Webb Miller, convoked his all-powerful Fascist Grand Council and scolded it and the country because they weren't giving him more healthy babies. Bachelors, especially, felt the *Duce's* wrath, since in one hand he held out the laurel of higher wages to fathers of large families, while with the other he brandished a decree placing heavy taxes on unmarried men and childless husbands.

A dutiful Council sounded its best echo:

"We solemnly remind all Fascists that the problem of population, being the problem of life and its continuation, is in reality the problem of problems, because without life there is neither youth nor military power nor economic expansion nor a secure future for the Fatherland."

Then the Council laid down its birth-rate campaign policy:

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Il Duce, militant crier for more armaments, more babies, occasionally drops his war-cry and becomes Signor Mussolini . . . caught by the camera "at ease"

1. Fathers of large families to get priority of employment and promotion.
2. Fathers of families to receive higher pay than bachelors and in proportion to the number of their children.
3. Living conditions of large families to be stabilized and assured.
4. Couples to be provided with loans to marry; girls to get dowries and newly-wed workmen help to obtain insurance.
5. Formation of a nation-wide Big Families Association.
6. Revision of provincial and municipal boundaries on a basis of the census fixed for 1941, with the object of "suppressing Provinces and municipalities in which rarefied and aging populations have no further need for public institutes."
7. A central organization to be established for "the control and promotion of the régime's population policies."

Second Series—*Il Duce*, who will be fifty-five on July 29, himself set the example. Already father of two boys and a girl when he came to power in 1922, he has since added a "second series"—Romano and Anna Maria. Altho, a few years ago, he asserted that "journalistically" his family does not exist, of late his eldest-born, Edda, wife of his Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano, has been prominent in the public eye, while Bruno and Vittorio took a dashing part in the Ethiopian campaign.

To Webb Miller, *Il Duce*, as a model Fascist family head, "his hair thinned noticeably" but his eyes clear, admitted that he took no "tea or coffee, but sometimes drank an infusion of linden-leaves or tilleul."

"For those who labor physically," he advocated, "the moderate use of wine is wise. I devote thirty to forty-five minutes to exercise daily and practise nearly all sports. I prefer swimming in summer, skiing in winter and horseback-riding every day.

"I sleep between seven and eight hours, between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M. I fall asleep at once, no matter what I have done or what has happened to me during the day. I use no expedients to invite sleep and take no *siestas*."

Reading—Mussolini finds time for reading during "his few hours of relaxation, especially books of political or historical character."

In music the Dictator's taste is for "the gay, lyric" *genre*—"the warlike and passional lyric form of Verdi and Wagner, and the jocundity of Rossini. Don't be surprized if I tell you that I hold no antipathy against jazz."

When Miller asked him if he had suffered in the last few years from illness, *Il Duce* quickly answered: "I was sick in 1925. Since then, I have not lost a single day. At the first symptom of any kind of indisposition, I fast for at least twenty-four hours."

While parents and bachelors read with mixed feelings of the birth-rate surprize of the Fascist Grand Council, next day their hearts fell as they learned that they may be called upon for more taxes and more bond issues which might mean, the *communiqué* declared, "total sacrifice of civil to military needs." The Council had decided to launch another armaments schedule by militarizing the active forces from eighteen to fifty-five and organizing the "greatest possible autocracy" because, it explained, the "less endowed nations" must mobilize science and valor "to resist the eventual aggression of countries rich in capital and natural resources."

INDISCREET: News-Reel Blunder Shows Italian Rôle in the Rebel Spanish Army

Too late, Spain's ex-King Alfonso XIII hurried to the "Super Cinema" (Rome's Radio City Music Hall), asked for a ticket to "Liberation of Malaga."

"Sorry. Withdrawn," he was told.

Explanation not given to his ex-Majesty was that at the first showings of the film too many fiancées attended with postcards from Spain reading:

"If you want to see me, go to see the film: 'Liberation of Malaga.'"

Not only were too many Italian boys recognized entering the Spanish city; but the army trucks in which they rode still bore the lettering of the Royal Italian Army. Some one had been indiscreet.

War Lags—In Spain, Insurgents and Loyalists passed the week "nibbling" in small local attacks, getting ready for the old World War stand-by, "the spring offensive."

That attempts to create a unified Loyalist command had been partly successful in Central Spain was apparent in two Loyalist diversions and a dinner.

At Toledo, Loyalists attacked in force, and with artillery, to threaten Insurgent Gen. Francisco Franco's supply route to the south, also to draw away his troops menacing the Valencia highway. To the northwest, another feint threatened Franco's great supply center at Avila.

To celebrate, with the new unity, the end of the fourth month's resistance to the siege begun in early November, Gen. José Miaja, Supreme Commander, threw a dinner to assorted officers of the Republican, Socialist, Anarcho-Syndicalist and other hitherto semiautonomous forces which had accepted his authority.

Hunger—Food was scarce. The dinner was meager, and as it turned toward the end to mutually congratulatory oratory, Insurgent artillery fire heavier than usual halted the speeches. It told of the third attack in twenty-four hours against the El Pardo sector to the northwest.

While the diners listened, suspecting that their celebration was ill-timed, a runner entered and whispered to Miaja that southwest of the city convoys of trucks were unloading "hundreds of Rebel reenforcements and supplies." This forced realization that the feint against Toledo had failed. It frightened the Evacuation Committee into ordering still tighter packing of civilians into the streams of buses rolling to the east, strengthened the belief

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that Franco was preparing at last to stake everything on a mass assault.

In London meanwhile, the Committee on Non-Intervention prepared again to set a date on which a skeleton force on land and sea should begin to operate at keeping arms and men from entering Spain.

HONDURAS BLUES: Central American Republic Rich in Trouble and Bananas

Blessed with the western hemisphere's richest banana crops, Honduras can claim as luxuriant a yield of constitutional changes, revolts and *coups d'états* as any of the twenty Latin-American States.

Last week, while his loyal officers fought off another "rebel" invasion, President Tiburcio Carías Andino clinched his dictatorial grip on the country as he began another term in the Palace at railroadless Tegucigalpa, while his family prepared to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday next week. The President himself, beaming with confidence for his country's future, promised six more years of prosperity and "regular" elections in 1942.

Almost from the day he took office as head of the Nationalist Party (popularly called Blues) which he created, President Carías has faced trouble engineered by the Liberal Party (Reds), which he reduced to a mere name. Revolts broke out on the frontiers and communist propaganda threatened to cause a rising among the landless peasants. To quell disaffection, he clamped down on censorship, rounded up malcontents.

Exodus—But disgruntled Hondurans, unable to brook the censorship and the repression, left the country in droves, mostly for liberal Costa Rica, which became the hotbed of rebel propaganda. Thenceforth, President Carías's army of 317 officers and 1,980 men was kept busy repulsing attacks in the States of Gracias, Ocotepeque and El Paraiso. Last year, President Carías reluctantly admitted the existence of a revolt under Col. Ines Dueñas, who ventured to attack the garrison at El Paraiso and was only repelled by the Government's bombing planes.

To stem communist propaganda, the Chamber of Deputies two years ago enacted a Rural Settlement Act which enabled the Government to distribute land in fifty-acre lots among the red-tinged rural population, who were also allowed to import up-to-date agricultural implements duty-free.

But to obtain this privilege, applicants had to take an oath that they neither support nor belong to communist or anarchist organizations.

This generous bow to proletarian clamor failed to placate discontent. Almost as bitter as the Reds were the Blues, one of whom, Dr. Venancio Callejas, sought refuge in Costa Rica. Lashing the Government for having "completely muzzled the press," Callejas charged fully 6,000 Hondurans had left their country rather than suffer the "Cæsar-like tyranny" which had landed upward of 500 citizens into unknown jails.

Rich—About the size of the State of Pennsylvania, Honduras's 44,275 square miles include some of the richest forests and farms in the Americas. Leading exports are: Bananas (80 per cent. of the United States's imports of that fruit), cacao, sarsaparilla, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco and coffee. Timber is abundant, especially mahogany. The country is equally rich in minerals, and the famous Rosario mines of San Juacinto have for years produced millions of dollars' worth of gold, while the rivers yield large quantities of ore sand.

Despite its immense natural wealth, the country has a population of only 962,685 (about twenty-one persons to the square mile), 35,000 of whom are Mosquito, Zumo, Payas and Xicaque Indians.

TROPIC PAWN: British Reclaim Christmas Island, Once Seized by American

Unfit for duty for lack of shoes, 3,000 of Gen. George Washington's ragged men shivered and groaned on Christmas day, 1777, in half-finished, clay-chinked log cabins at Valley Forge.

Wrote Lafayette: ". . . legs and feet froze until black." Wrote Washington: "Three or four days of bad weather would be our destruction."

On the same day, a quarter of the way around the world, Capt. James Cook sailed H. M. S. *Resolution*, 462 tons, twenty-two guns, out of an empty mid-Pacific into a great lagoon rimmed with waving coconut palms, undulating dunes, billions of hermit crabs.

Kicking at the scrambling crabs on the coral beach, Cook planted the English flag, called the forty-mile-long skillet-shaped land Christmas Island, claimed it in the name of His Majesty George III, and sailed away to seek the Northwest Passage.

Blocked by ice in Bering Strait, Cook turned south to the Hawaiian Islands, gasped out his life transfixed on a native spear at a spot in Kealakekua Bay.

Seizure—Eighty years later, Capt. John Stetson, New Haven whaler, rediscovered the island, claimed it as his and deeded it to A. C. Benson and Associates, an American Company, on whose behalf Capt. L. Pendleton of the *John Marshall* (named for the famous Chief Justice) took possession on June 20, 1858.

Last week the British sloop *Lieth*, bearing a complete radio plant, a wireless officer, and a new claim of British sovereignty, was nearing the island after a 2,000-mile run from Suva, in the Fiji Archipelago.

To end the four-score-year mild dispute concerning its ownership, to prepare the island to be a seaplane base between New Zealand and Hawaii, was the object of the voyage.

Tho the State Department has never admitted British ownership, Congress last June appropriated $35,000 for colonization of Jarvis Island a bare 200 miles away, preparatory to an air service between Honolulu and Australia, ignoring possible rights to the larger atoll.

The crew of the *Lieth* on landing will find two settlements named London and Paris, 100 palm-thatched houses in all, on opposite sides of the inlet to the great interior bay.

Colony—Only a third of the houses are inhabited by forty descendants of a Tahitian colony planted in the 'eighties by a bearded French priest, Pere Emmanuel Rougier, when the island's 70,000 palm trees were worth a dollar each per year to any one who would dry the meat of the coconut harvest and sell it as copra.

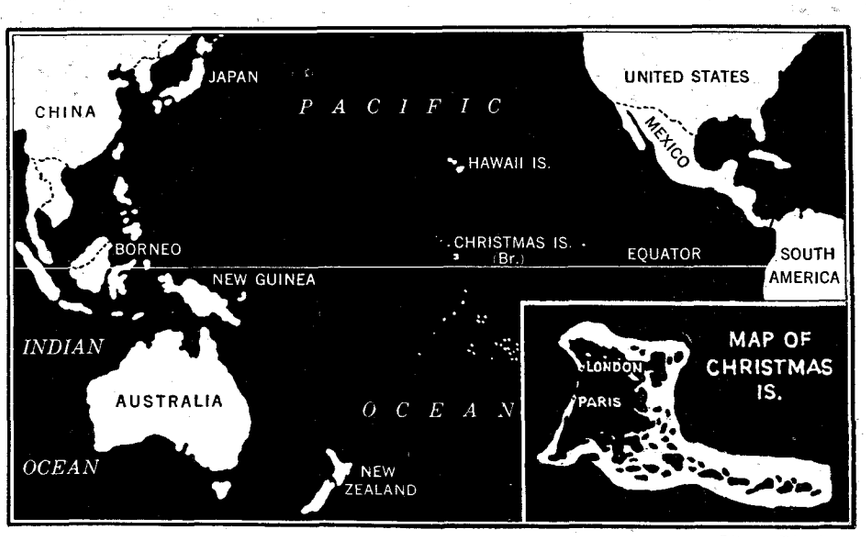
A strange landscape will spread itself before the crew of the *Lieth* when they climb to forty-foot sand dunes of the eastern shore.

Acre after acre of yellow Ilima flowers, of which royal wreaths were once made for Hawaii's Queen Liliuokalani, ripple away to the west. Vast tracts of sun-baked hard-pan, cracked into irregular hexagons, are sparsely covered with brown bunch-grass and clumps of *Scaevola* bearing only halves of flowers, the missing halves torn off centuries ago, according to Polynesian legend, as a sign between two lovers.

To the right lie the bleaching bones of eight wooden ships which give a name to the "Bay of Wrecks" and provide the small population with all the lumber they will ever need. Far away to the west, where the skillet-pan spreads out from the handle, rises a forest of tawny coconut palms. Father Rougier's original plantation has multiplied to more than ten times the original 70,000.

Free Gas—Oddest of all, a huge pile of iron drums provides the islanders with free gasoline of the highest quality, emergency fuel supply for transpacific flier Charles P. Ulm, who disappeared into space and was never heard from.

When Father Rougier bought out the



Literary Digest map

Map locating Christmas Island in mid-Pacific . . . inset shows "skillet" shape of island

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lease of Lord Leverhulme, British soap-magnate, and surveyed the island's 740,000 acres (more than half pools and marshes, 200,000 arable) hermit crabs swarmed over his cot, nipping him all night. They even climbed the next night over a stone wall he built around it. On the third night they bridged with their bodies a water-filled circular trench inside which he tried to sleep, leaving him alone when he spread twenty pounds of dead fish on the ground and hoisted his cot, hammock-like, into the trees.

Father Rougier, called *Huruhuru,* (the hairy one) by his Tahitian subjects, became known as King of Christmas Island; but the fortune he sought proved a mirage.

About to die in 1932 he willed the lease to his nephew and godson, Paul Emmanuel Rougier, and posted the papers to France. But he died December 15, before they arrived. The inheritance tax complications left the title confused, young Rougier took over, fired a shot after three natives he saw making off with one of his motor-boats; and, as they were never seen again, was accused of murder. The charge is that the ex-World-War aviator and crack shot punctured the motor-boat's water cask and that the thieves died of thirst at sea—a charge difficult to prove, more difficult, under French law, to refute.

GROANS HEARD: Turkish Dictator Transfers Heavy Burdens from Porters to Donkeys

Once upon a time, *Sindbad the Sailor,* leaning upon the downy cushions of his ebony divan in ancient Bagdad, heard weary groans through the cool vestibules of his sumptuous mansion.

Quickly his Nubian slaves haled forth the seedy transgressor, who, asked to explain his complaints, told a heart-rending story of his burdensome trade as a *hammal* (porter) and won favor from the pet of kismet, whose wondrous adventures are recorded in the world-famous "Arabian Nights Entertainment."

It was a scorching day, and Bagdad's dusty, serpentine streets steamed with oven-hot vapors. Heat-dazed and hungry, *Sindbad the Hammal* was plying his back-breaking trade, toting heavy bales of gorgeous Indian cloth. Bathed in perspiration, he tottered to the marble *mastaba* (stoop) of *Sindbad the Sailor's* mansion, invoked the aid of *Allah* and put down his burden.

From the tortuous white-washed vestibules came a soft breeze, cooled in its passage through thistle-stuffed frames kept damp by red-sashed blackamoors. Purring with satisfaction, the grateful porter sat on the fresh marble slabs and drank in the aroma of attar of roses, frankincense and savory viands.

Allah at last heard his groans, and lo! his worldly cares were over.

Modern Hammals—Last week, Kemal Ataturk, life-time President and benevolent Dictator of Turkey, heard the groans of Istanbul's thousands of heavily-laden *hammals,* and his decree eased their burdens. It ordained that the age-old loads of *hammals* must henceforth be transferred to beasts of burden.

Thus did the dynamic Ghazi, who abolished the *fez,* transformed his countrymen's baggy garments into European clothes and substituted the Latin for the time-honored Arabic alphabet, bring *Allah's* mercy to the lot of these stolid *hammals* whose robust, Atlas-like figures for years have formed an integral part of a picturesque, motley background—the busy quays of Istanbul and Galata along the shores of Constantinople's legend-sung Golden Horn.

Known to the West as coolies, these *hammals* are mostly Kurds (with a sprinkling of Armenians and Greeks until the reign of the Sultan Abdul Hamid). Their ancestors appeared in upper Mesopotamia as early as 2000 B. C. But the ambitious Kurds, finding their mountainous country slim in resources and almost barren of all but the fighting trade, *trekked* to the busy port towns of their Ottoman overlords, and eventually gained a virtual monopoly of the coolie business.

Retaining their old Aryan language, native felt vests and felt skull-caps, they became almost the exclusive porters for Bagdad, Smyrna and Constantinople merchants. Their strength became a byword and Bagdadis, among others, coined the saying: "Were it not for the Kurds, all our donkeys would be dead."

Equipment— Proud of their Herculean brawn (which they never mention without thanking *Allah* and abjuring the evil eye), these honest, patient *hammals* were omnipresent in the business quarters and along the wharves. Scorning hand-trucks and trundles, they used a padded saddle *(semer)* covered with leather and resting on a piece of hide *(arkalik)* on their backs. But when the burden was beyond the power of one man, as a case of machinery, they employed a long pole *(sirik),* from which the load was hung and swung along between two or four men.

To-day, as they plod their jerky way through the narrow bazaars, they elbow the gaping crowds aside with shrill shouts of: *"Varda!"** (look out!), or *"Dokumasin?"* (Don't you see?).

*A corruption of the Italian word, *guarda,* which came into use during the middle ages when Venetian and Genoese commercial influence was extensive throughout the Levant.

© Keystone

No longer will Turkey's hammal bend beneath the weight of a beast's load

With the growth of Istanbul's commercial life, the rôle of the *hammal* became so necessary that the fraternity of Kurds got together, formed guilds and divided the city into territories fixed for each guild.

"Musclers-in" were severely punished. Once known as *ojaks,* these guilds later became *birliks.* Wealthy merchants had to go through the traditional ceremony of weary haggling *(pazarlik)* with the *hammal-bashi* (head *hammal*) whenever a large shipment of merchandise was to be transported.

The *hammals* lived a modest life and tightened their camel's hair *kemers* (broad belts) over skimpy meals snatched between long working shifts out of a huge loaf of bread *(oka ekmek),* liver *kebab* (skewer-broiled), onions and olives. To them Istanbul is an Eldorado which promises financial independence and a chance to retire to their Anatolian or Kurdish homes, acquire wives, modest houses and tracts of land.

Like their Kurdish brethren, the *hammals* of Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Irak, Iran and other Moslem lands are just as hard-worked and as primitive in scorning the tools of the machine age.

Only the others are not as famed for their strength, but are considered sissies because for years they have utilized donkeys and mules.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Hsingking—Childless, tho married fifteen years, Manchukuo's Emperor Kang Teh (former Henry Pu Yi and, as a child, Emperor of China) has named his younger brother, Prince Pu Chieh, his heir presumptive. The Prince, educated in Japan and now in the Japanese Army, is engaged to marry a granddaughter of Japan's Marquis Saga, a plan calculated, within thirty years, to bring a more-than-half-Japanese Prince to Manchukuo's throne.

* * *

Shanghai—Still suffering from a back wrenched when he leaped from a window to escape his kidnapers last December (landing in a sitting position, jarring out his false teeth and losing them), Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has had to obtain a brace for his spine. He is expected to need a physician's care for some months.

* * *

Queensland, Australia—Believed to be the oldest living object in the world is a twenty-foot macrozamia-tree on Tamborine Mountain, its age estimated at between 12,000 and 15,000 years. Youngest in a grove of these woody-cored, slow-growing, fern-like trees is one barely a yard high, aged a mere 3,000 years.

* * *

Madras—In a thousand State-owned temples of Travancore, former *Pariahs,* freed from untouchability by the Maharajah's November decree, now worship normally with caste Hindus; and bathe with them in the sacred tanks. Conservatives among caste Hindus flock for security from defilement to privately owned temples which, in their turn, will soon have to conform to the decree. Notable result of the reform: From Christianity and Islamism converted *Pariahs* are flocking back to Hinduism to enjoy the new privileges of their old religion.

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Parade

"I want you folks to understand that I am operating entirely by budget," declared **Mrs. Carrie E. Saben,** sixty-one-year-old Greenfield, Massachusetts, grandmother, first Townsend plan tester in the East. "This is nothing at all like a spending-spree, the way it has been described in some of the papers." With 200 crisp dollar bills to dispose of, Mrs. Saben taxied around town buying underwear, gay ties and a couple of suits for her husband. As fan mail poured in with advice, she hotfooted down to a local beauty parlor for a hair-bob, permanent wave and facial. There are 1,200 Townsendites in Greenfield, town of 15,500.

* * *

Confusion broke out in the ranks of the Tennessee **Anti-Saloon League** when W. G. Gaston, Field Secretary, was arrested for drunkenness, held in jail for nine hours. "I think Mr. Gaston just slipped," commented the Rev. R. S. Tinnon, State Superintendent. Gaston denied the charge, particularly the assertion by D. C. Roberts, Chief of Police at Union City, that "police had found part of a half-pint bottle of whisky in his pocket."

* * *

"I hate Wagner," commented **Vernon Duke,** composer ("April in Paris"). "It is a phobia with me, a Wagner phobia. I feel he brought all sorts of extraneous things into music. He robbed it of its natural life." Under his real name, Vladimir Dukelsky, the Russian musician writes serious pieces himself, will have his oratorio, "The End of St. Petersburg," produced in Paris this summer.

* * *

Miss Muriel Wolfson was recently elected **Queen of the Egg Festival** at Laurel-in-the-Pines, New Jersey. Rivaling the bathtub beauties of the films, she posed in a tub, covered only by several dozen eggs, all of which had to be carefully handled in the transaction.

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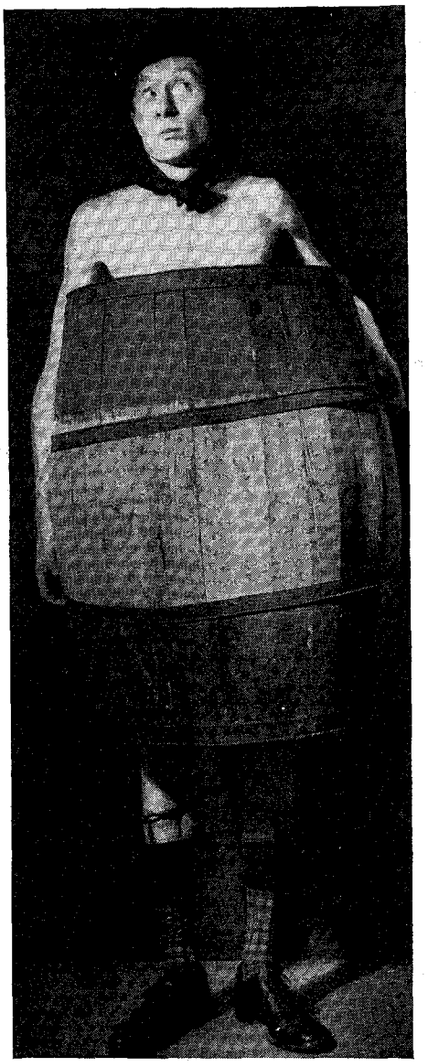
A fowl bath for Muriel Wolfson, egg queen



WPA Federal Theatre Photo

Norman Lloyd: As "Mr. Taxpayer" he dons annual barrel to herald March 15

In honor of that day of days, income tax dead-line on March 15, **Norman Lloyd, Federal Theater actor,** made up for the famous cartoon character of *Mr. Taxpayer* by Will Johnstone. Whenever a good tax story breaks, the New York *World Telegram* artist brings forth his barrel figure for some pithy comment. A veteran of some years now, *Mr. Taxpayer* has a wide following, receives much fan mail.

* * *

"New York is a grand place to work," commented **John Gielgud,** record-breaking *Hamlet,* on his return to England. "But they have one new habit which I confess I loathe. The latest fashion is to take a miniature camera* to the theater and spend all your time taking snap-shots of the performer. It got on my nerves. . . . All the time I was trying to create the atmosphere of ghost scenes at the beginning of the play, I would keep hearing the click, click, click of cameras.

* * *

Mrs. Casimir Twardowski, suing in Chicago for divorce, appealed to Judge John C. Lewe to have her husband return her collection of silver. She said it was acquired "piece by piece" and had been handed down to her. "They're sort of heirlooms, your honor," she added. Her husband thereupon dragged the silver into court, where his attorney observed: "It seems that this silver bears a lot of names like Drake Hotel and South Shore Country Club." The Judge impounded the "heirlooms."

* * *

Arriving home in Hollywood from ten months' work in English film studios, **Ernest Simpson,** film technician, told of the hectic experiences he had bearing the same name and more than a little resemblance to Mrs. Wallis Simpson's former husband. "When I went to a travel agency in London to pick up my tickets for Hollywood, three clerks escorted me to the General Manager's office for his personal attention. Aboard ship—whew! People nudged each other when I passed. When I did deny that I was 'the' Ernest Simpson, they'd just wink knowingly—so I let it go at that."

* * *

"Hobos don't steal chickens," maintained **Jeff Davis,** Grand Chief Hobo of the Hobos of the World. "They aren't drunkards. All they ask is an opportunity. They're traveling workers—printers, bricklayers, farm-hands, builders." Davis, on the eve of the hobo convention, is particularly irate at dictionaries in general for associating hobos with tramps. He is positive the word "hobo" originated in "hoe boy," an itinerant farm-hand who worked his way from farm to farm with a hoe.

* * *

Any American club-woman who wants to see a rodeo was invited to Tulsa, Oklahoma, April 30, by **Mrs. J. Warren Burgess,** Oklahoma representative to the General Federation of Women's Clubs. "But it is a ro-de-o, not a ro-day-o, you'll see," she said. "That's the way our cowboys call them."

* * *

Margaret Severn, American dancer, plans to appear in England soon in a special ballet written for her by **John Masefield, Poet Laureate.** The dancer has been appearing in Europe for several years.

Globe

Ballet by a Poet Laureate for Margaret Severn

*See page 25.

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HARDY FOOD CURES FINICKY FEEDERS

Old Persuasive Art Eliminated in New Formula for Children

Parents who lead their children to food but can't make them eat will welcome a sure-fire cure for finicky feeders: Expose them to a well-stocked dinner-table five times a day (including mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunch), keep sweets off the menu, refrain from persuasive tactics, let nature take its course.

Within a day or so, *Johnny* will be eating and liking it, the period of cure being determined by the ratio between parental and filial stubbornness. In the best hair-brush tradition, the corrective process usually hurts the parent more than the child—most mothers yield at the first pecked-at meal, bribing the youngster with jam or sweets, "just to get him to eat something."

Thereby, as Dr. Frank Howard Richardson points out in his new book, "Feeding Our Children" (Crowell, $1), the parent contributes to the making of a neurotic adult with an intolerable conviction that his food likes and dislikes are of abiding interest to the world.

If grandma was mistaken in some of her ideas on the right way to feed a baby, so were the experts who until 1911 fondly imagined that they knew practically all there was to know about nutrition. Then came the discovery of vitamins to kick over the apple-cart, rebuild all theories of infant (and adult) diet from the ground up. Last week, under the auspices of the League of Nations, representatives of eleven countries met in Geneva to discuss nutrition problems under the Chairmanship of Viscount Astor, M.P.

Problem—Scientists agree that a baby may appear perfectly satisfied with his food, may even gain in weight, yet be undernourished. A doctor is the only person competent to tell. Last spring the most famous mother in the world, Mrs. Oliva Dionne, insisted that her quintuplets weren't getting enough to eat. Dr. Allan R. Dafoe was giving them a "greenish mush." Mrs. Dionne thought they should be getting soups made from fresh meat, mashed potatoes with meat gravy, cooked vegetables and "all the milk they can drink."

In her lance-tilting with dietetic science, Mrs. Dionne came off second best. With some indignation Doctor Dafoe explained that the "greenish mush" was good, heavy, thick pea soup, that other items of the diet included fruit, fruit-juices, strained vegetables, cereals and a quart of milk per quin a day.

The quins, in fact, are outstanding examples of the health-building qualities of modern baby diets. Except for the warm water and sugar diet, administered with an eye-dropper for a few days following their birth, the five Dionnes have followed a diet conforming to that advised by pediatricians for healthy babies.

In grandmother's day, it was believed that a baby must be fed exclusively on cow's or mother's milk until the child was about a year old. Now it is a rare infant who dines on cow's milk alone, for a tough residue forms when the acid gastric juices of the baby's stomach curdle the protein of the milk. Lime-water, gruels and dilute acids used to be put in baby's formula to overcome this curdling action. Standard formulas now call for water added to whole milk, with a proper proportion of sugar—often in the form of dextromaltose.

Oil—At the end of the first month, cod-liver oil is added to the baby's diet. This oil contains vitamin A, but is mainly valued for its vitamin D content, this being the vitamin which insures healthy bone growth, prevents rickets. By the end of the second month, the juice of half an orange is given, or tomato-juice if oranges are unavailable; vitamin C is the objective here, with its scurvy-preventing qualities.

But baby really doesn't begin growing up, dietetically speaking, until his fifth month. By this time, the reserve store of iron with which he was born has been depleted, and iron is necessary to build red corpuscles in healthy blood. Somewhere in his fifth or sixth month, the pediatrician orders green vegetables for the infant. These may be strained or unstrained; some doctors prefer fresh vegetables simply mashed with a fork. Most others, for convenience, sterility and economy, prefer the small cans of strained foods put up by manufacturers.

For the exacting demands of the baby's digestive system, vegetables are cooked by steam-pressure in the absence of air, since contact with the atmosphere destroys part of the vitamin content. Once cooked, vegetables are forced through a fine meshed sieve, straining out coarse particles. Then they are packed in cans (glass admits light which has an adverse effect on vitamins) specially lined to eliminate metallic contamination.*

Attractive Food—In "Baby Epicure," published this week by Dutton, Elena Gildersleeve stresses the value of attractive food for children, gives scores of recipes, inveighs against overindulgence in cream and butter by youngsters. Butter and cream do not fatten children, unless they are already unhealthily fat; rather, when used in excess, they take away the appetite. Certified milk should always be "weakened" by skimming an ounce or two of cream from the top of the bottle. Butter is an indispensable article of diet, but should not be smeared thickly on a child's slice of bread in the mistaken notion that it will fatten him up.

A healthy appetite is natural to babies and children if they are not spoiled by between-meals nibbling and sweets. Youngsters even like spinach—it is the second favorite vegetable of 18,000 boys and girls who responded to a survey made by the Children's Welfare Federation among children in summer camps. Potatoes are first.

Like the stubborn child who will not eat, adults must often be tricked into hunger by menus prettified to cozen cagy appetites. Doctors are familiar with the self-starving patient who must be tactfully forced to eat. Psychotherapy, *Modern Medicine* recently reported, is the most successful method of treating these sit-down strikers of the dinner-table. The doctor adopts a parental attitude, sympathizes with the "misunderstood" patient, gently induces him to forsake his starvation habit.

Last week, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt told a tale on the President, revealing a White House rebellion against monotony in the menu. Four days running, salt herring was served at the President's luncheon. He put in a vigorous complaint, said unkind things about too much liver and string beans while he was at it, and out of a

*Government food testers state that the common impression that unconsumed portions of canned goods must be taken from the cans is a fallacy, that if a can is kept cool and covered it is just as safe to keep food in the original container as to pour it into a fresh dish.

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Miss Barbara Schulman has ideas of her own . . . concerning the health value of spinach . . . she enjoys it in her lap rather than her diet

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Wide World

Mrs. Dionne disapproved of "green mush" that Doctor Dafoe prescribed for the quins

choice of twenty menus immediately submitted, chose stuffed crab for his midday meal.

"He likes variety in both luncheons and breakfasts," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "Sometimes he elects to have only orange-juice and milk for breakfast. Other times he wants herring and coffee."

NEW FODDER: Toasted Hay Acclaimed by British and American Farmers for Food Values

"Toasted hay" is not a new cigarette, nor yet some esoteric breakfast food. Rather, it is exactly what its name signifies: Hay toasted to preserve nutritious qualities lost in field drying or ensilage.

Last month, at an agricultural conference at Oxford University, British gentlemen farmers waxed loud in their praise, as they revealed that 1936 was the first big year for this "new" development which they dubbed "toasted hay."

They were astounded to learn from Capt. A. T. Price, agricultural organizer, that hay-driers were on the market in England in 1880. In that year, there were twenty-four in operation; and tho some of them are still extant, "toasted hay" has just been rediscovered.

The agricultural conference might have been just as surprized to learn that in the United States twelve years ago, just two years before the English rediscovered it, a Chicagoan, Arthur Mason, put on the market a machine for toasting hay.

Re-Co-Discoverers—As so often happens in fields of science, two disconnected researchers, in this case Mason and a Briton, Doctor Woodman, of Cambridge University, started at the same point and reached the same conclusion.

Scientists long have known that in a zone of average humidity, one-fifth of sun-cured hay is lost in the field. Of the remaining four-fifths, 20 per cent. of the original protein content is lost. This has cost humanity untold billions of dollars in food values, agricultural experts believe.

Mason and Woodman, working from that knowledge, discovered that when hay is toasted, its food values are sealed up. Forage crops artificially dried retain all vitamins, carrotin,* protein, fat, taste, and other natural elements. Drying removes only the water.

While the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering estimates that between twenty-five and fifty companies manufacture driers (mostly as side-lines) the price is prohibitive to all but large-scale farmers. The Arnold Dryer Company, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for instance, markets three driers that sell for $5,500, $7,700 and $10,000, respectively.

The Arnold Company's medium-priced machine, said to be capable of drying from 300 to 500 acres a season, dries fodder by the conventional hot-air system. The chopped fodder is passed into a revolving cylinder through which air, heated to a temperature of from 1,000 to 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, is shot from the combustion chamber. One dry ton emerges from the machine at a cost of between four and six dollars.

English Cheaper—Tho cheaper at the outset, 1,000 pounds will buy the very best. English machines cost more to operate. The cost of English toasted hay is between five and six pounds a ton (twenty-five and thirty dollars in American currency). Both the American and the English machines will produce up to one and one-half tons of hay per hour.

The significance of the hay toaster is obvious to dairymen. Young grass supports a milk production of five to six gallons per cow per day. Naturally dried hay supports a production of only two gallons per cow per day due to the loss of nutritive content in drying. Artificially dried hay retains all the characteristics of young grass, and will support the same milk production.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Whiskers—Statistics can be pretty appalling at times. E. H. Cooper, manager of an English razor blade firm, has figured that the average male shaves 48 square inches of his face daily; that 25,000 hairs grow within this area, that if a single day's growth were placed end to end it would result in a hair twenty feet long which would probably be a little troublesome to care for. The daily whisker crop of Great Britain is estimated as 50,000 miles of hair grown on 125 acres of face.

* * *

Sneezes—An unexpected aftermath of the disastrous Ohio River floods may be an epidemic of hay-fever next fall. Alluvium left on bottom lands by receding floods furnishes rich soil for the tall ragweed whose pollen causes the allergic sneeze.

* * *

Stupid Plants—Plants get their traffic signals mixed pretty badly. A red light starts them working at top speed manufacturing food for themselves, but they stop abruptly when the light turns green. These are among the results announced by W. H. Hoover of the Smithsonian Institution, who has just finished measuring the reactions of plants to light of various wave-lengths.

*Carrotin, the element from which butter and carrots derive their pleasant color, is also the concentrate from which vitamin A is derived.

Radio

TRICK WATCH: First Radio Broadcasting Followed Founder's Time Wager in Pittsburgh

A friendly-eyed man with jutting dark eyebrows and steel-gray hair sat in an East Pittsburgh office early this week, toying with a plain gold watch.

The man was Dr. Frank Conrad, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. To him had just come the news that he had received the 1936 award of the coveted Lamme Medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers "for pioneering and basic developments in the fields of electric metering and protective systems."

Doctor Conrad, studying his well-worn watch, might well have been reflecting on the 250 patents he has taken out, on the 30,000,000 electric meters of his design which have been doing watt-hour sentry-duty in the great American basement since 1897, of his early association with that crusty genius, George Westinghouse (who, seeking a way around a rival patent, once ordered Conrad to develop an electric trolley without a wheel, was surprized by his young engineer's prompt invention of the pantograph trolley now universally used by heavy-duty electric railroads).

Actually, Doctor Conrad was thinking of none of these things. The watch in his hand was a memento of the supreme achievement of his career, overshadowing this week's Lamme award. Behind that timepiece lay a story as fascinating and far more incredible than the paltry tale of *Aladdin's* Lamp. Two decades ago, Frank Conrad rubbed his magic watch and in due time the *jinn* of destiny presented to him an unexpected offspring: Commercial radio broadcasting.

Unknown — Well-known is the fact that KDKA of Pittsburgh was the first radio broadcasting station,* all but unknown is the story of the man who fathered it. The tale goes back to the year 1912, when a Westinghouse engineer purchased a costly new watch and in his overweening pride issued horological challenges with the abandon of a Hungarian duelist. Frank Conrad slyly displayed his own watch (value $12 retail), and lured the challenger into a $5 bet on the relative accuracy of their respective timepieces. A Western Union electric clock was to be the arbiter.

Doctor Conrad scurried about until he found a jeweler willing to install a $65 set of works in his cheap case. He won his $5 bet, but in doing so he observed certain anomalies between the time kept by his watch and the Western Union clock. His curiosity regarding the subject of time was

*WWJ, Detroit *News* station, surprized radio historians last year by disputing KDKA's long-accepted claims to priority. WWJ dates its commercial broadcasting career from August 20, 1920, three months before KDKA's Harding-Cox broadcast. The call letters KDKA were assigned October 27, 1920; the call letters WWJ, March 3, 1922, altho station 8MK was operating in Detroit in August, 1920. Many amateur stations capable of transmitting radio telephony were operating prior to 1916, including Doctor Conrad's. KDKA-Westinghouse pioneering is based on the claim that it was first to go the whole way, put a station in operation, organize a program service, develop receivers.

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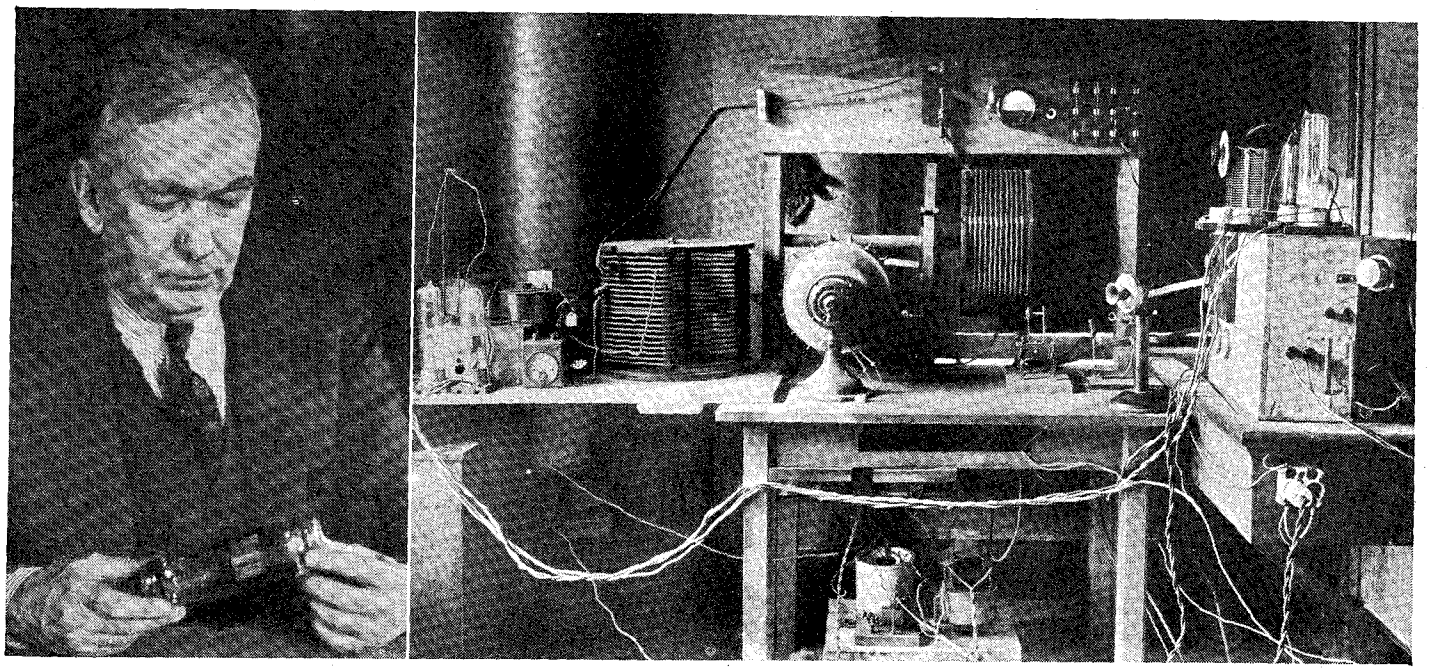

Awards to Dr. Frank Conrad, inventor of . . . first radio sending-apparatus, located in a garage studio

aroused, led to his building a small radio receiving-set to pick up time signals sent out at regular intervals by the Naval Radio Station at Arlington.

When his set was finished Doctor Conrad received not the Arlington signals, but a curious buzz-buzz-buzz which made no sense in any known code. But they had a regularity which indicated they were sent by some human intelligence. Here was a major mystery—where were the strange signals originating?

Doctor Conrad finally traced them to a house less than a block from his home. There lay John Coleman, young wireless experimenter, whiling away a long convalescence by toying with a spark coil.

"He didn't know his signals were going on the air," says Doctor Conrad. "He had simply assembled bits of apparatus and was fiddling away with a Ford spark coil. If I hadn't had my receiver practically in his back yard, I would never have picked up his signals."

By such slender threads hangs history. Between young Coleman, now a radio engineer with the Radio Victor Company, and Doctor Conrad there sprang up a friendship which resulted in their building sets to communicate with each other. With his genius for experiment, this led Doctor Conrad to one improvement after another, and when the United States entered the World War, the Government drafted his talents to devise radio sending-apparatus for air-plane pilots.

"After the war we had radio on our hands, but nobody had the slightest idea how to put it to work," says Conrad.

Eavesdroppers—It was generally believed that the future of radio lay as a new means of communication, competing with the telephone and telegraph. But radio had one fatal handicap: Any one with a set could eavesdrop on a conversation. There was no way of keeping a radio message private. Nevertheless, a number of companies established stations as a possible basis for a future system of transmitting messages. Westinghouse erected stations at several of its plants throughout the country, using them for voice communications between plants until such time as a far-flung commercial message network seemed feasible.

In the meantime, Doctor Conrad began to find it tiresome to talk to his fellow experimenters—there were two or three of them in frequent communication with him—and resorted to phonograph records as a source of sound-signals. By 1919 he was surprized and somewhat annoyed by the number of letters and telephone messages pouring in, all of the same tenor:

"My Aunt Zenobia is coming to visit us next week and she does not believe that music can be sent through the air, so will you please play a phonograph record for her at 10 o'clock next Thursday?"

These requests grew so numerous that, in self-defense, Doctor Conrad announced he would broadcast records at 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, for two hours. The station was on the upper floor of the garage of Doctor Conrad's home at Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, and in that small room radio broadcasting began.

Fresh records were borrowed for each broadcast from a local music dealer, who, stipulating that his store should be mentioned as the source of the disks, became the first radio advertiser. Significantly enough, the dealer soon found that records mentioned on the air sold much better than others.

Programs — Doctor Conrad's two sons, Francis and Crawford, constituted themselves a program department and drafted local talent. When the actors grew tired of singing they signed off for a midnight snack, explaining their purpose with admirable informality.

"It was the most fascinating and gratifying experience of my life," says Doctor Conrad, a bit wistfully—this from a man whose major achievements include improvements in arc lamps, automobile ignition systems, electric clocks, mercury vapor rectifiers, short-wave radio.

These regular programs continued through the spring of 1919. Then, one day, the Joseph Horne department store in Pittsburgh published an advertisement for radio sets which would enable the owners to hear Doctor Conrad's broadcasts.

The advertisement gave Doctor Conrad an idea. Since radio was insistently democratic, dropping in for a visit with any one who cared to tune in, why not reach as many people as possible with news, music and entertainment—and possibly a little advertising?

Doctor Conrad's associates at Westinghouse thought it might be done. The idea was turned over to the publicity department, rather casually, and, with complete unawareness of the young giant in their hands, arrangements were made to transform one of the intercompany stations for general broadcasting. The station selected was on the roof of a factory building in East Pittsburgh, and application was made to Federal radio authorities for permission to use this station for commercial broadcasting. The call letters KDKA were assigned for what was described as a "commercial land broadcasting station"—the word "land" being significant as indicating the dominance of marine radio at the time.

Election News — While arrangements for the new station were being completed, Doctor Conrad continued his broadcasts from his garage station. Managers of the new station cast about for a news event important enough to be worthy of the initial broadcast. Warren G. Harding and James M. Cox were in the midst of a hot Presidential campaign, and Election night, November 2, 1920, was selected as the auspicious occasion. The Pittsburgh *Post* agreed to furnish election figures by telephone to KDKA—ironic forecast of the day when news associations would complain bitterly that radio was an unwelcome journalistic bedfellow.

Ironically, the man whose watch had led up to the whole business was not present at the first broadcast. So fearful were the engineers that the makeshift KDKA apparatus would fail that they planted Doctor Conrad in his garage to carry on the broadcast should the station equipment fail. The precaution was unnecessary; the program ran off without a hitch.

This week, the father of commercial broadcasting juggled memories evoked by a trick watch which still keeps perfect time. Trouble-shooting expert for his company—the knotty problems of young engineers invariably find their way to Frank Conrad's office—he is a self-taught genius without a formal technical education who shies away from the title "scientist," prefers to be known simply as an engineer.

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DIXIE DOTTED WITH PROFITABLE FARMS

Alabaman Gets Citation As No. 1 Southern Planter

Scattered among the old manorial estates of Dixie are scores of trim, diversified farms which typify the new agricultural Deep South emerging from the depression era. As expertly managed as any in Iowa or California, they are the pride of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and other States which have forced King Cotton to share his throne with peanuts, sorghum, oats and other crops.

In the eyes of many an Alabaman, the No. 1 model farm among them is owned by "The Brunsons of Butler," who live near Greenville, in the south central area. Long a local agrarian epic to Cotton Staters, the Brunson place has found its way into national farm journals because its owner has joined the ranks of the famed Master Farmers movement.

Begun in 1926 by the Midwestern farm magazine, *The Prairie Farmer,* this movement has spread throughout the country, picks its members from among the top-drawer growers through State extension services cooperating with the Federal Department of Agriculture. In the South, *The Progressive Farmer* sponsors members.

Rating—On the Master Farmer Score Card, Butler County's J. R. Brunson was rated at 895 out of a possible 1,000. The exacting and "hard-boiled" calculators gave him perfect scores on crop yields, living at home, good seeds, care of live stock and poultry, condition of fields, terraces, and ditches, business reputation, convenient and attractive home, sanitation, family relationship, interest in education, interest in Government, neighborliness, and interest in community.

Friendly, genial, of solid middle-class stock, Master Farmer Brunson was born forty-four years ago on his honor farm. Of 238 acres, the place had been bought the year before by his father—a parcel of washed-out, gullied acres sold for taxes. At twenty-two, Brunson bought it from his father, began to restore it with a little cash. To-day, he has in operation a system of terraces and other soil-control methods second to none in the South, whose fame has lured experts down from Washington.

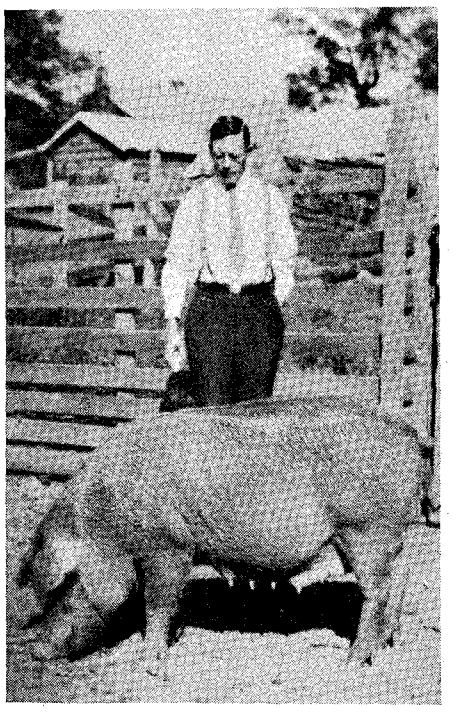
The Brunson farm is run on a three-point program he laid out as a young married man: (1) a live-at-home policy, (2) a soil-preservation policy, and (3) refusing to depend on one money crop only. This policy has produced the highest per-acre cotton yield of any covered by the contract with the recent Agricultural Control program. His average of 431 pounds to the acre contrasted sharply with the county-wide average of 163 pounds (lint).

Income—For the past five years he has averaged a $1,489 net income. On his own estimate of his land investment, he derives an income of 12 per cent. a year and an income of 6.5 per cent. on his total investment of land and equipment.

Mr. Brunson values his farm at $50 an acre, his home at $3,000, other buildings at $5,200, implements at $1,000, live stock at $1,090, poultry at $200, his Chevrolet automobile at $350. He raises nearly 300 gallons of sorghum a year on two acres of ground. He averages forty bushels of oats to the acre and puts in around ten acres a year. He plants sixty acres in corn and gets thirty bushels to the acre. Cotton is on thirty-five acres.

When Mr. Brunson got the farm in 1915, he could count on getting about a third of a bale of cotton to the acre. He thought he was doing well when he got 17½ bushels of corn on the same amount of ground.

The bulk of the income of the farm is derived from cotton and live stock. Last year's gross on cotton ran to $2,657. On corn and peas Mr. Brunson realized $522. He sold hogs to the value of $60, but more important was $165 for ham and bacon, $65 for sausage, $96 for cattle, $96 for butter, $75 for eggs. To the helpers on the farm he sold home-grown supplies valued at $675.36.



Master Farmer: J. R. Brunson, with model brood sow, has perfect score on care of live stock

and poultry . . . for which he receives the able assistance of a charming daughter

His fight against erosion has been conditioned along many fronts. The natural topography of those rolling folds and tertiary outcrops, typical of the coastal plain, present many drainage problems. But with the terraces as his first line of defense, he combats this menace according to a year-in, year-out pattern that simplifies his whole fight. By arranging the fields and rotating the crops, he is able to give his live stock access to the maximum number of acres at all times.

Technique—He follows a particularly soil-depleting crop with either kudzu or lespedeza, clover or grass. And if these yield him surplus hay, he sees that as much of it as possible goes to market on the hoof, so it will bring the maximum price.

Some of that care which is part of his nature crops up at planting-time. He does not put his seed in the ground and hope it will come up. Rather, he sends a sample of the seed to the State Department of Agriculture where he gets a germination test every year. That simple action takes out a lot of guesswork in planting.

Built into his technique is a passion to have his farm ready each spring to produce a better crop than it did the year before. He is careful to see that all the manure about the place finds its way back to the fields at regular intervals. As soon as a crop is harvested, he makes a point of going back by that field and turning under the vines and stalks not gathered in, thus making sure their rich chemical content and humus will be returned to the soil in its most valuable form.

Mr. Brunson has tied in the battle every farmer wages against insects with his soil preservation projects. When he rotates a crop, he not merely builds up the land, but moves a likely source of future insects which grew up with the previous stand. By moving the food supply out from under the pests, he can be reasonably sure some of them will not survive the change.

By making the farm produce many things which others pay out good money for, he has more money to turn back into farm improvements. Never having gone into debt, he does not see his money eaten into by needless interest payments. He gets a hundred cents in value for every dollar he spends. Careful bookkeeping is one part of the answer to the question "How?" Careful buying is the other part.

Mr. Brunson has a way of getting on nicely with his tenants and his neighbors, holds open house for all and sundry who come from all parts of the South. Father of a family of six, he sets a good table, spends only $125 annually on groceries. He is a leader in farm circles, likes to discuss current affairs and attributes half of the farm's success to his wife.

Says B. R. Holstun, County Farm Agent: "One reason that Mr. Brunson succeeds is that he is never in debt, so he can sell his crops whenever he gets ready. He markets them shrewdly."

A Master Farmer qualification that must be met holds that the farm home of the winner must represent the income of that farm fairly, neither taxing the power of the farmer to keep it up nor failing, on the other hand, to conform to desirable American standards.

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THOUSANDS OF GEAR

Now you can shift wi
wheel! Try this amazi

HUDSON No. 1 CAR OF THE MODERATE PRICE FIELD **TERRAPLAI**

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LEVERS DISAPPEAR!

both hands on the new way to drive!

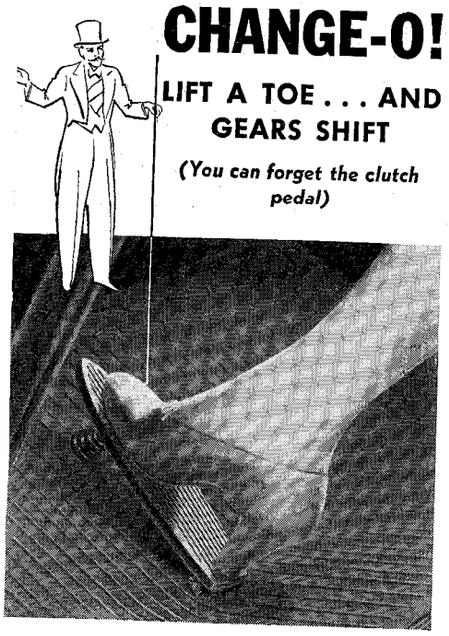
PRESTO!

FLICK TO THE GEAR YOU WANT

(Same familiar gear positions)

You'll notice something different from any other popular car in America, the moment you step into a 1937 Hudson or Terraplane with Selective Automatic Shift. The gear shift lever has disappeared! And with it, all the "push and pull" work of gear shifting . . . all crowding of the front floor with gear shift and brake levers . . . all need to push a clutch pedal when shifting!

Already, the hand gear shift has disappeared from more than *one hundred thousand* Hudsons and Terraplanes whose owners have driven more than a *billion* miles the *new* way. Daily, the total grows, as more and more motorists discover what it means to drive with the flick of a finger, the touch of a toe, while *gears shift themselves.*



CHANGE-O!

LIFT A TOE . . . AND GEARS SHIFT

(You can forget the clutch pedal)

The Car Does All the Work

One finger fits itself to a little lever, *up at the steering wheel.* Flick into the same familiar gear positions . . . there's nothing new to learn. When you're ready for gears to shift . . . just lift your toe from the *accelerator* pedal . . . and the car shifts gears for you, *automatically.* No need to push a clutch pedal.

The Year's No. 1 Advancement

The Selective Automatic Shift is optional at small extra cost on all 1937 Hudsons and Terraplanes . . . not available on any other popular car. Of course, you can have the conventional gear shift lever if you wish . . . but we don't believe you will, once you have experienced the greater ease and safety of this *new* way of driving.

All Hudson and Terraplane dealers have extra cars available so *everyone* can try this only *really new* 1937 automobile advancement.

You'll find it just one of a big list of advantages, making these the No. 1 Cars of their price classes with more of *everything* you want.

America's No. 1 Cars

No. 1 in size and all-around roominess . . . 117-inch wheelbase in Terraplane; 122 and 129 inches in Hudson, and 55 full inches of front seat comfort for three, several inches more than in any other popular car.

No. 1 in power, too . . . ranging from 96 horsepower in Terraplane, on up to 122 horsepower in Hudson Eight.

Proved Performance, Economy

No. 1 in performance and endurance . . . the only 1937 cars to bring you *proof* with official American Automobile Association records.

Economy . . . *proved* No. 1 among all popular cars in the recent 352-mile Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run. Hudson, 22.71 miles per gallon, best of all the Eights; Terraplane, 22 miles per gallon, beating every other leading low priced car. Both marks *certified* by the A.A.A. contest board! And each car carried *five passengers and baggage* — with no coasting allowed.

Drop in at the nearest Hudson and Terraplane showroom. Go driving *today* . . . tomorrow's way. It's new . . . interesting . . . exciting! Come and see for yourself.

No. 1 CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario

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Screen and Stage

FAIRBANKS'S ANTICS APED IN BRITAIN

"Fire Over England" Gets Plot from Spanish Inquisition

Shades of Doug Fairbanks!

The British—that is, Mr. Alexander Korda—have whipped out a historical melodrama right in the old tradition. Saber battles, naval battles, love battles combine to make "Fire Over England" as exciting a motion-picture as anything of the sort since "The Mark of Zorro."

The plot, negligible tho it is, deals with an important moment in England's history: When Philip of Spain, harried by Francis Drake, sent his Invincible Armada against Elizabeth's kingdom.

The idea is that young *Michael Ingolby* and his father are captured in a naval encounter complete with hand-to-hand scuffles and some beautiful photography by James Wong Howe. In the action, Lawrence Olivier, as *Michael,* swings by a rope down onto the Spanish deck, saber twirling. Before being taken, he manages to get in some magnificent licks.

The Spanish captain, *Don Miguel,* allows *Michael* to escape, but sends the youth's father (who was the Don's best friend) to the Inquisition. *Michael,* after swimming ashore, makes his way to *Don Miguel's hacienda,* where he is nursed back to health by the lovely daughter, *Elena.* Comes an *auto da fé* wherein *Michael's* father is burned, and *Michael,* spitting his spite on the Spanish at *Elena* and *Don Miguel,* escapes back to England.

Spy—Thence the action shuttles from England to Spain and back again to England. *Michael* woos his lovely English sweetheart, saves Queen Elizabeth's life, goes as a spy back to Spain, then, returning again to England with the required information concerning traitors, is knighted and, as the Queen's well-established right bower, destroys the Armada and marries the girl.

The direction of William K. Howard distinguishes the picture. Suspense runs so high throughout that plot discrepancies pass unnoticed. Even the plethora of love-scenes between Olivier and Vivien Leigh, who plays *Cynthia,* granddaughter of Lord Burleigh, fail to cloy.

The dueling scene during the second trip to Spain on the spying expedition is particularly well directed. What might have been a piece of silly hokum is turned into genuine excitement. Olivier duels armored men up and down stairs, leaps walls, barricades doors, and generally comports himself in the finest swashbuckling tradition without becoming mock-heroic.

Steals Picture—Despite Olivier's good performance, it is Flora Robson, as *Queen Elizabeth,* who walks off with the picture. The ugly queen becomes in turn proud, imperious, and mettlesome; gracious and merciful; just as Flora Robson desires her to be.

Raymond Massey is best of the others as the sneering, conniving *King Philip* of Spain. Morton Selten as old *Burleigh,* and Leslie Banks as *Elizabeth's* adoring *Leicester,* both cover themselves with Thespian glory.

Vivien Leigh has little to do but make love to Lawrence Olivier. She carries out her assignment admirably. Tamara Desni is confronted with much the same task, but is a trifle more restrained except for one brief moment of which she makes the most.

Glamourous Vivien Leigh makes admirable love to Lawrence Olivier in "Fire Over England"

"Fire Over England" has the added advantage of a splendid production by Erich Pommer.

MAD DOCTOR: New York Audience Applauds "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

All of fashionable New York turned out in tails and *décolleté* evening gowns (speaking doubtful French during intermission) to view Gilbert Miller's production of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." And fashionable New York, in the mood for Sir Cedric Hardwicke's interpretation of a *Raffles* turned burglar in the cause of scientific research, liked the proceedings.

Doctor Clitterhouse, played by the amazing Sir Cedric, is an upper-class London physician who becomes more interested in criminology than in his own welfare. He pulls off a few spectacular jobs alone—just to give him *entrée*—then makes his connections with a group of criminals. Keeping his identity a secret, he works with this cockney "set" of his, always with an eye to investigating their reactions.

Upon completing his study, the good doctor has every intention of leaving his criminal pursuits behind him. One of the cockneys, however, discovers the researcher's identity. Blackmail then steps onto the boards, and to get the rascally fellow out of the way—and to finish his book with the inclusion of the ultimate crime—*Doctor Clitterhouse* commits murder!

But even the politest approach to crime does not pay. For the police catch up with *Doctor Clitterhouse.* He is led off at the final curtain with the assurance that he will be acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Joy to Watch—The most notable asset of the play is Sir Cedric's remarkable acting. As the learned doctor consorting on equal footing with cockney criminals and bums, he is a joy to watch. In the last scene, Sir Cedric, as his mistakes are pointed out to him, very quietly goes mad as the exigencies of the occasion seem to demand.

The rest of the cast backs up Sir Cedric beautifully. Clarence Derwent, the treacherous fence (he who gets murdered), is most convincing because he injects the proper sinister note. Victor Beecroft as *Badger* is "to the life."

What puts the play across is the dialog. Every one is terribly polite; even to the point where *Doctor Clitterhouse* tells *Benny,* the fence, that he is going to "—er—dispose" of him.

The direction keeps the play in the polite vein throughout. Once or twice there is good suspense, but nothing hair-raising. The pace is a bit slow for comedy or melodrama, but that very ambiguity keeps things from getting raucous; nary a scream and nary a healthy guffaw.

Just to retain the polite touch, Gilbert Miller's producing job makes "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" approach the point where it is high art. Sir Cedric in striped pants is as suave as any male who ever walked a stage. All the cockneys wear sweaters and caps or loud suits and derbies. The set, while very subdued, is sometimes almost glamourous. The whole background, in short, is quite proper.

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" was regarded as "terrific" during its long London stay, and altho U. S. audiences are used to more robust entertainment, they probably will like it, too.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Winterset"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA,* Excellent; *AAA,* Good; *AA,* Acceptable, and *A,* Poor.

Art and Letters

SKIPPY AND SUNSETS: Percy Crosby, Comic Artist and Crusader, Shows Canvases

The same inspired hand that guides the tragicomic *Skippy* in daily life can paint a water-color sunset so realistic that *Skippy*—if he could see it—would be forced to repeat his classic remark:

"Gee, it's so beyootiful I'd like to give somebody a sock on the jaw."

That hand belongs to Percy Leo Crosby,

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who this week is having a show of his serious paintings at the Tilden-Thurber Gallery in Providence, Rhode Island. Eighteen water-colors and a large selection of lithographs and dry-points will be on view, with not a dab of the cartoon spirit in evidence.

The only hangover from the comic strip technique betrays the Crosby genius for capturing action with a few simple swirls. When Crosby wants him to, *Skippy* streaks across a newspaper page with the fleetness of Olympic runner Jesse Owens. The artist injects the same quality into most of his paintings, seemingly with a minimum of effort.

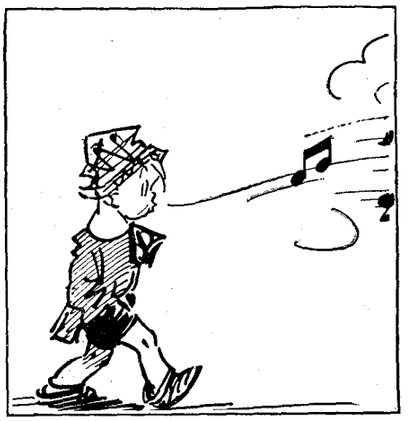
His "Impressions of the West" in water-color, and his drawings of horses and dancers have that impression of action that caused a New York *Times* critic to dub him "the necromancer of speed." In his water-colors, the delicacy of a sunset on the sea or dusk hovering over a mountain top, are part of a moving pattern that is Nature in all its contrasts of speed, gaiety and cruelty.

Crusader—Crosby works on *Skippy* in eight- or nine-hour stretches, completing a week's releases, including a full color page for the Sunday sections, in that short time. It takes him less than two months to do a year's work.

The other eight months are no prolonged vacation. Especially for a born crusader. During the years of America's "noble experiment," Crosby wielded brush and pencil for Repeal. He wrote pamphlets, published them himself, drew cartoons, and shouted the evils of Prohibition from any convenient housetop.

His cause won, he next turned his energies to divers movements. Intermittently, he waged violent war against American disarmament, what he regards as "the Japanese threat," Washington's news-dealers—whom he accused of racketeering—and crime. More than once he has contemplated buying an anemic magazine, giving it the life-blood of his enormous fortune, and the energy of his passion for causes.

Author—Crosby found writing another means of portraying the various interests which dart through his mind. His novel, "Skippy," rounds out the character 25,000,000 people knew by sight into the



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Skippy: the life-mask of his creator

epitome of a sensitive little boy, seesawing from laughter to tears in a heart-warming style. One critic called it "America's most important contribution to the humor of the century." A sequel, "Dear Sooky," was as well received.

"A Cartoonist's Philosophy" was Crosby's attempt to articulate all the things that many constant followers of *Skippy* drawings miss. The artist has always burned with a message and *Skippy* has helped to carry his banners. But the general public, Crosby feels, looks to the character for amusement, and misses his deeper meanings.

The book was to help span the gaps. But tho his previous books had been successful, no publisher would take a chance with "A Cartoonist's Philosophy." So Crosby published it himself, paying, in addition to the printing, for full-page newspaper ads. His last book, "Patriotism," also came to the public under the author's imprint.

Skippy is practically a life-mask of his creator. Crosby is constantly on the hop, jigging from one thing to another, interested in people, their joys and troubles. He occasionally raises Cain; so does *Skippy*. He is short, solidly built, and at forty-six still has an impish butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-mouth expression.

Many people believe that Crosby's eight-year-old son, (Percy, Jr., better known as Skippy), a miniature of his father, was the inspiration for the cartoon. But Crosby is drawing from his own childhood memories, and, besides, the ink and paper *Skippy* antedates the flesh and blood one by nine years.

Slow Start—*Skippy* first shuffled into print in the old humorous weekly, *Life*. His birth was far from auspicious, and for months he appeared with no regularity, pronouncing his homely truths with few to sing his praises. Meanwhile, Crosby was a staff artist on a daily paper, doing routine work and chafing in a job that required time-clock punching.

Then, overnight, every one discovered the rapscallion with oversized hat, straggly forelock, Eton collar and baggy knickers. He was quoted widely and seriously and became the lion of the *literati*. *Skippy's* success was, naturally, Crosby's. He quit his irksome job and devoted his full time to the brain-child, with lush financial rewards.

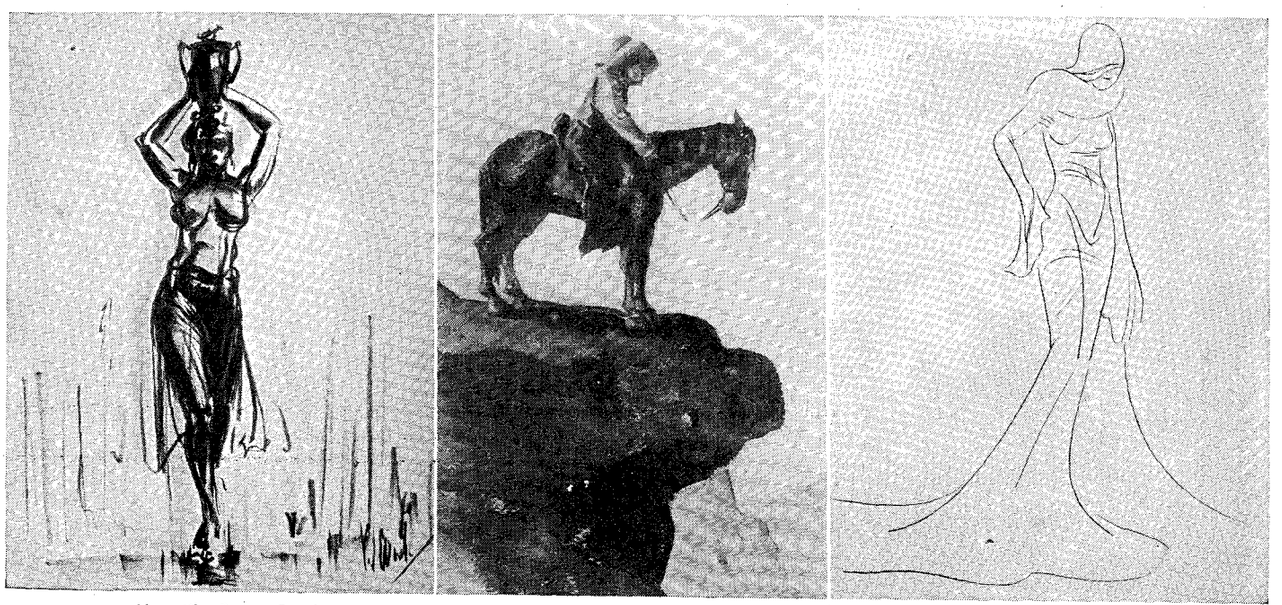
Skippy's second birthday found him syndicated in many papers, and with more fans than his creator had ever dreamed of. Since then, he has never lost a jot of his popularity.

With a fortune that would have enabled him to live luxuriously anywhere in the world, Crosby abandoned his favorite night-life haunts and moved to the Virginia hills for the healthy life of a country gentleman. On a 2,000-acre estate near Washington's Mount Vernon home, he leads a quiet life with his wife and four children. His only two extravagances are his horses—he has a fine stable to which he is constantly adding—and the telephone. Whenever he wants a touch of city life, he phones all his old friends, hears their troubles, and is delighted to remain away.

But it runs the monthly phone bill well into the hundreds.

NEO-LENSMEN: Artist-Technician-Snoopers Keep Film Business Brisk During Depression

If you're a night-club chorine behind a postage-stamp costume, you probably know what it feels like to be caught napping by a "minnie fiend" with a pocket-



Versatile Percy Crosby produces lithographs . . . water-colors . . . dry-points with equally distinctive technique

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sized camera that can shoot pictures almost anywhere.

A trotting-horse gracefully rounding a curve, the oily piston of a steam-engine, a wisp of haze floating in a birch glen, anything you can think of any time, anywhere—all are grist for the mill of the candid camera fanatic.

Fifty thousand photographically-minded artist-technician-snoopers have grown so avid for smart angles, lights and shadows, and candid poses that American film firms have had good times right through the depression,* with German manufacturers of the best miniatures (Leica, Contax) faring even better.

There are probably a hundred thousand really enthusiastic camera-users among the nation's 16,500,000 owners. They fire anything from a 50-cent Univex, or a $1 bakelite Brownie, or a simple folding camera, to the $423 Zeiss Contax with built-in exposure-meter and automatic range-finder.

Ancestry—Small-size cameras, as well as the technique of sneaking candid shots, trace their ancestry to the nineteenth century, but a German, Oskar Barnack, invented the modern Leica just before the World War. It reached America in 1925.

Fast lenses (that is, large in proportion to the film area), accurate shutters with a wide range of speeds, and precision-building of small instruments accounted for the mechanical end of miniature cameras.

Chemically, the film manufacturers made microscopically small grain possible, so that 1x1½-inch negatives could be enlarged to a square foot, nowadays even 6x12 feet.

Most film sold is either Eastman Verichrome or Agfa Plenachrome, with slower, older standard films, "superpans," and panchromatic films trailing. One can now buy infrared film to cut through haze, as well as full color film for making slides and transparencies.

Half a billion snap-shots a year use up 1,500 tons of film, 7,000 tons of print-paper. But, like professionals, amateurs who own expensive cameras use far more film than box camera fans, who may take a couple of rolls of film on their summer vacations, altho high speed films now make year-round photography easy.

Suppose you want to do "minnie" work, which isn't necessarily the best amateur work, but is easily the most popular among the smart set.

You might begin by joining the 4,000,000 users of 50-cent Univexes or with a "stream-lined" box that takes vest-pocket film. Most likely your dealer will be able to stir your enthusiasm with a small folding miniature—a Zeiss Ikomat, a Kodak Vollenda, a Baldax. Second-hand or new, the cost will range from $15 to $50. Or you might buy a $12.50 Argus, which is an American-made take-off on the Leica, uses movie film with an f/4.5 lens (faster than most Kodaks, slower than advanced "minnies").

Chances to photograph friends on the beach, machinery with weird lighting, sunsets (with time exposures) and fast sport will stir your ambition. You'll want to become a graduate.

The next course is a Leica, Contax, Ihagee Exacta, Eastman Bantam, or some similar instrument that's a combination of precision and binocular-like optical quality.

Eyes of the "minnie fiend" are always alert

Just as Eastman popularized home picture-taking with the slogan "You press the button, we'll do the rest," miniature makers have fool-proofed to-day's cameras, guarding against double exposures, under-exposures, bad focusing. But that doesn't mean that you have all the gadgets you want. Among Leica's 415 attachments, there are telephoto lenses for long-range shots, wide angle, microscope and extra fast lenses, filters for cloud effects, tripods, flash guns. To say nothing of enlargers and dark-room paraphernalia. The acme of miniature enthusiasm is a small-size refrigerator to keep developing liquids at constant temperatures.

More Fun—Ways of having more fun with cameras are multitudinous, not only for the owner of a Leica or Contax, but for the amateur who likes to combine art and science. Trick angle shots open new fields, as do experimental lighting effects. Try breaking rules and taking pictures *into* the light, but be careful to shield your lens with your hand to avoid glare.

When you compose a picture, take your time. Move around, trying out your view-finder to see where you get the best picture. Don't try to get too much at one shot; simplicity is still good camera art. Sometimes waiting awhile for sunlight to hit a building from the correct angle is worth while; as a rule, side-lighting is best, because it accentuates vertical lines.

Another amateur has captured graceful motion

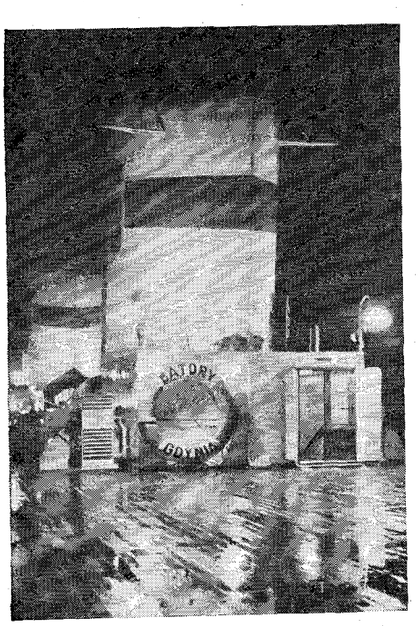
If you're trying for action shots with an ordinary camera, here's how to avoid blurs: Move farther from the subject, shoot as your athlete, say, comes toward you, instead of directly across your view; try to get subjects at a static moment, as a tennis player just at the end of a hard drive, or poised waiting for a return.

Taking candid photos isn't difficult unless the light is bad. If you don't have a fast lens (f/3.5 or better), don't try to get stage shots or night-club scenes. But in good light you can sneak pictures with almost anything.

By Night—And you can take pictures at night. Buy two or three photo flood-lamps, use pie tins for reflectors (altho even white paper is good). Keep lights and camera within three to five feet of your subject, make sure the camera is on a firm base, and click the shutter open and shut fast.

Because a wave of photo annuals, picture magazines, and miniature clubs have popularized America's No. 1 hobby, manufacturers estimate that 2,000,000 persons have bought cameras since 1935.

*Eastman Kodak Co. last week announced a $1,500,000 wage increase, plus $2,112,555 in wage dividends for 1937.



Reflections sparkled for this amateur

NO, NO ANSWER: Unique Stunts Land Jobs; Alger Lives On, Authors Say

"I'm sorry, Mr. Melton, but he can't see you to-day. Would you care to call again?"

It was singer James Melton's twentieth unsuccessful visit to the headquarters of the Roxy Gang, and he still had every intention of joining that radio outfit. "All right," he announced dramatically, "you won't let me see Roxy, but you can't keep him from hearing me. I know he's inside, and I'm going to sing for him." He planted his six-foot-two frame before the door and started to sing.

In two seconds, the whole office force was on his neck. In two minutes, he was

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talking to Roxy himself, and ten minutes later he was a member of the famous radio gang.

That—according to Howard Stephenson and Joseph Keeley—is successful salesmanship. Young Jimmy Melton went into that office completely unknown, and by his own determination had his ability recognized. And, what's more, that is the only way any one has ever gone ahead. This talk of luck, chance or influence builds no bridges and gains no jobs. It's the men and women who sell their services to employers who will get ahead. Take designer Norman Bel Geddes:

Being a bellboy on a Great Lakes steamer wasn't a wonderful start in life, but it sufficed for Norman Bel Geddes. When one of the passengers turned out to be a magician, young Norman learned all the tricks of the trade and became a boy magician himself. Then he took up drawing, landed in an advertising agency and began to write a play after office hours. In a short time the play became more important than the job.

Park Bench—For the young advertising man there was only one thing to do. He threw up his job, went to New York and tried to get his play produced. Unfortunately, Producer Morosco was more impressed by the little sketches young Geddes drew than by the play. The deal didn't go through, and the would-be playwright later found himself on a park bench in California without any job, just $6. As he sat thinking, a tattered magazine beside him fluttered in the breeze. He looked, and there was a head-line: MILLIONAIRES SHOULD HELP ARTISTS.

Under the caption were strong words from Otto Kahn favoring better treatment of lowly artists. Geddes thought awhile, then decided to send a $5 telegram to Kahn—did the big millionaire producer really mean that? Kahn did. In a week, Norman Bel Geddes was designing scenery for the Metropolitan Opera and well on the road to success.

There are other spectacular ways of landing jobs, some even more breath-taking. One hot summer day a small man walked into the classified ad department of the New York *Times* and calmly asked the rates on half a page for a want ad. The ad man gasped, then named the sum. The customer did not flinch. Very well, he would take half a page for $1,000. He handed in the copy for the ad to the incredulous ad-taker. The head ran: "No position under $50,000 a year considered." It seemed like a complete waste of money to the ad man, but it wasn't. The applicant got eighty answers to his request—and one of them was for just the job he wanted.

Another novel means of job landing was executed by Ralph Neave, Jr., who had the misfortune of landing out of college in the depth of the depression. His father was very sorry. He really wanted to help Ralph, but what could he do? Ralph had his own ideas. He shipped on a freighter around the world, came back months later. Still no job.

$8.88—"All right, father. Guess I will ask your help now," said the determined young man. "How about a little loan?"

The senior Neave sighed and reached into his pocket. "How much?"

"Oh, just about $8.88," responded the son, airily.

The surprized father turned over the money and young Ralph went out, had 2,500 books of matches printed: "Have you a job for Ralph Neave, Jr.?"—listing his qualifications and address. Overnight, it was a hit. Newspapers picked up the story. He received twenty-five letters of commendation for his enterprise, offers of three temporary jobs, and a host of new friends.

Best means of getting the right job, advise Authors Stephenson and Keeley, business men themselves, is for the job-seeker to regard himself as a commodity. What has he got to sell? Has he something that looks like a real bargain to the employer, something that will insure the purchase of his services at once?

Jack Dolph was so sure of his commodity that he didn't even bother to apply for a job when he moved from California to Philadelphia. He was too busy getting the children's toys packed. When he got to Philadelphia he went to the advertising agency he wanted to work for, described his qualifications and got the job. When he wanted to move back to California, he just moved. Back on the West Coast, he quickly rose to sales manager of a broadcasting chain.

Any one who can put himself across in an original way to land a job is likely to get ahead. Fred Waring, ace orchestra leader, was a frosh at Penn State College when the Glee Club director said: "Sorry, Waring. I know you're trying, but—er—you're just not Glee Club material."

Fred Waring didn't join the Glee Club. Instead, he started his own band, and once college days were behind him, he continued with his dance orchestra. Still, he wasn't satisfied; the rebuff of the Glee

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative . .

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—*even in minor matters.*

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will give any laxative their approval, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does *my* laxative qualify on every point?"

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now—remember this! Ex-Lax meets *every one* of these demands . . . meets them so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families!

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find it so mild and gentle. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Its easy, comfortable action leaves you feeling better—*looking* better—with a greater zest for enjoying life.

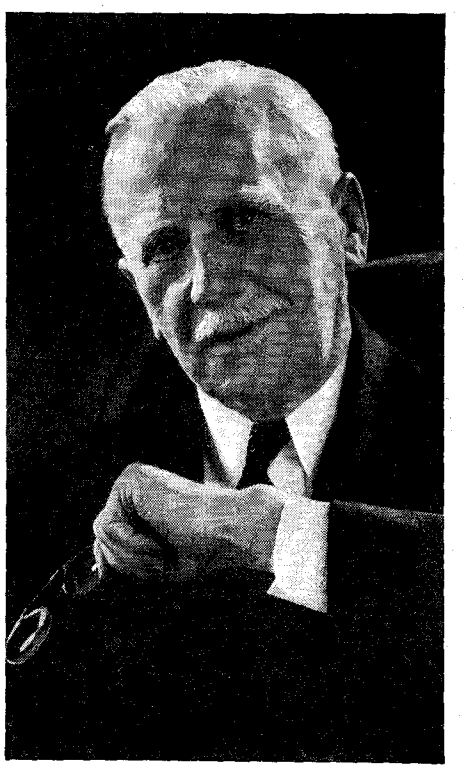
Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are *doubly* important to a child.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. . . . At all drug stores—10c and 25c. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V37, P.O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



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Usually you feel winter more—— if *your general resistance is low...*

Somehow, we can't seem to get used to winter. Instead of minding it less as the season wears on, we seem to feel it *more!*

One reason is by the time we've gone through several strenuous months, our general *resistance* is low. Too little exercise, fresh air, and sunshine combine to deplete our physical forces. As a result, it may be much more difficult to keep well.

Sensible people, however, are trying not to fall into that old routine this year. Instead of waiting until common winter discomforts bother them, they're preparing *in advance.* Why don't you do likewise?

Adex offers you an effective means. It supplies you with Vitamin A, the factor which has a greater effect upon resistance-building *than any other vitamin.*

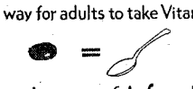
And besides giving you plenty of Vitamin A, Adex furnishes "sunshine" Vitamin D. Both factors come from *natural* sources like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Start with Adex today and keep it up regularly. Have it right on the breakfast table every morning. *Daily* use is important.

Either Adex tablets or capsules may now be obtained at any reliable drug store. But be sure to insist on *Adex!* Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Club director still rankled. Then it dawned on Fred Waring what he wanted to do. He wanted to have his own Glee Club, and he did. It was the novelty touch that put the Pennsylvanian among the dance orchestra leaders.

So it goes. Every successful man and woman in America to-day saw some shut door as a challenge which was accepted.

"Don't believe the Horatio Alger story is dead," caution the authors. "From rags to riches through hard work goes as well to-day as it ever did."

They Sold Themselves. By Howard Stephenson and Joseph Keeley. (New York: Hillman-Curl; $2.50.) 290 pages.

HOLD 'EM, GIRLS: Anne Hirst Tells How in "Get Your Man —and Hold Him"

Any unmarried men who are rejoicing in their single state and have no intention of changing it had better watch out. Anne Hirst is on their trail. Not that she wants one of their wary number herself—she's been happily married for ten years—but she's out to tell the other girls how to snare the boys.

And Anne Hirst ought to know the answers. For years one of America's leading Advisers to the Lovelorn (altho she dislikes being so pigeonholed and classified), this able columnist in the New York *Post* and other newspapers bases her observations on the thousands of weekly outpourings of the heart that deluge her desk.

Every girl knows that feeling. It's a party, she's in her new dress, and over in the corner quietly conversing is a very good-looking, attractive young man. How can she meet him?

That's where Anne Hirst steps in. "Don't lose your heads, girls," she cautions. "Keep cool. Wait a minute. He won't melt into air." Any really game young heroine just steps up to the collar-ad hero, gives him a little thrill by a cool (but not cold) appraising glance, and plunges into the big adventure.

The natural tendency is to cover the pause that follows an introduction, or a dropped handkerchief, with a whirl of chatter. That's bad. Better let *him* do the talking. That's the only way the young heroine has of knowing whether he's as interesting as she thinks or not. Nothing obvious; just a casual, well-placed question. "You're a writer, *Mr. Smith?*" Chances are ten to one he isn't, but he's going to be flattered that you thought so. Then just let him spin out his story. He's been living for at least twenty years before this meeting, and he's got plenty to talk about. If he enjoys telling it, the chances of a date are pretty good.

"Don't"—So far, the battle of the sexes has round one chalked up for the young lady. But comes the second round. The young man calls, they go out for an evening. He escorts her home, and the inevitable question arises—"To pet or not to pet?"

"Don't!" say Anne Hirst and all her years of experience. "It's a thoroughly bad practise. Not that I'm moralizing. But hard to get is a pretty sound line."

As spectator to many romances, Columnist Hirst has seen what happens when a girl goes out for popularity by the easiest way—sex. Her name becomes bandied about as a good thing for an evening when everything else is slow. She is damaged goods. And while the boys like to play around with good sports, they marry the home girls.

If an evening's going to be pleasantly occupied with something other than petting, the aware young charmer had better be prepared with some interests—books, sports, or what she will. The all-around type that can meet a future husband at a bridge table or a football game with equal poise is the girl who will make the grade.

If she's a really bright girl, she will know some other things, too. She'll realize that the old line—"I'm purely a man's woman"—is a lot of hooey. There are plenty of times when a girl needs a friend, and take it from Anne Hirst, when the occasion arises, it'd better be another girl with a helping hand. It works out a lot better. Also, any wise young thing will avoid the temptation of being a "love pirate"; she won't steal another girl's friend just to keep in practise, or because she thought the man was really cute. Strictly on the up and up is the best motto.

Jilted—But there are times when all this good advice works, but still is the wrong answer. A couple have been going together for years. Everybody knows about their romance—nothing official, but it might just as well have been. Then one day the boy fumbles around a bit, and finally blurts out: "Gee, I hate to say this. You're a swell kid, but I found another girl—"

Imagine the poor girl's feelings! Any jilted female has just one course of action—forget it. Best plan is to acquire a twenty-hour-a-day job that occupies most of the waking hours. Any one coming home after a tough day's grind has little time for moping. To sleep, and that's the end of it. It's a stiff dose to take, but the only one for the jilted girl.

Of course, far worse than any mere jilting is the married man problem. Usually it starts quite innocently. There is an introduction, sometime later a casual, accidental meeting, a cocktail or two, and the trouble starts. The girl is flattered that an older man, more sophisticated, should select her from a million young women. There are secret meetings, phone calls in disguised voices—and no divorce, long promised, in the offing. From hundreds of cases where the girl plays young hopeful, Anne Hirst says "Don't." He really doesn't mean it when he says he wants to divorce his wife. That's another time when it's best to forget.

Not that there aren't lots of things to remember in this game of getting your man and holding him: What to do when he won't propose, and just how to act once there's a marriage. It's a long story, but no one need get discouraged. Anne Hirst knows the better part of the answers in the pursuit and capture of the reluctant male. Into one small book she's condensed the information for all the girls who want to know how it's done.

Get Your Man—and Hold Him. By Anne Hirst. (New York: H. C. Kinsey & Co.; $1.50.) 142 pages.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Vagabonds—"Of Mice and Men."—By John Steinbeck. (Covici, Friede; $2.) Tossing the superlatives of a reviewer's vocabulary lavishly about does no justice to this book. It is the story of the friend-

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ship of two lonely men; one shrewd, the other helpless, strong, dumb. Steinbeck has written the tragedy of their friendship with uncommon skill and human feeling. A book to be read and thought back upon.

Mexico—"El Indio."—By Gregorio y Fuentes. Translated by Anita Brenner. Illustrated by Diego Rivera. (Bobbs Merrill; $2.50.) The strange, communal story of a village of Mexican Indians rendered sullen and hopeless through long submission to their white conquerors. Without a doubt, this book had more in the original than it has in translation. Nevertheless, the Rivera illustrations and the information the book contains make it well worth consideration.

Neptune Beach—"Low Company."—By Daniel Fuchs. (Vanguard; $2.50.) In this book live and breathe the men and women who inhabit Coney Island, New York's merry-go-round. They are not pleasant people to know. Not all of them are even well meaning. In any case, they squirm to unpleasant ends in a modified realistic tale, extremely well written.

New Englander—"Poems."—By Emily Dickinson. (Little Brown; $3.50.) All the poems of one of America's major poetesses here collected in a new handsomely mounted edition. Purchase time for all who haven't a copy of Dickinson on the shelf.

Justice—"Let Me Live."—By Angelo Herndon. (Random House; $2.50.) The whole fate of the young Negro author of this book who protested when he and his friends didn't get enough to eat still hangs in the balance. The Supreme Court has yet to decide the fate of this young man; meanwhile, he tells of the bitterness of life as he has known it.

River Stay Way—"The Nile."—By Emil Ludwig. (Viking Press; $5.) The man who brilliantly biographed Napoleon and Bismarck does an unusual book. He does the life story of a river, the Nile, as it flows through Abyssinia and England's Egypt to change the faces of history. An interesting feat, extremely readable.

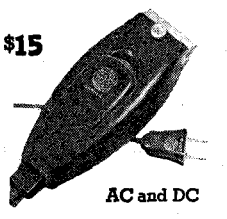
To-day—"A Declaration of Interdependence."—By H. A. Overstreet. (Norton; $3.) The author of "We Move in New Directions" continues his analysis and synthesis of modern life, bravely plunging in where many another fears to tread. Author Overstreet discusses modern American dilemmas with great clarity.

New England—"Anna Becker."—By Max White. (Stackpole Sons; $2.50.) *Anna Becker* lived quietly in a New England town until the vigorous and forthright *Steve Larsen* came and shattered her peace. A sensitive story of readjustments by a quiet, conventional woman.

Challenge—"I Will Not Rest."—By Romain Rolland. (Liveright; $2.25.) The author of "Jean Christophe," who should be an old man by now, is instead a vital and earnest citizen passionately concerned about the forces that menace peace. He writes with conviction on the issues of the day.

West—"Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture."—Prepared by the Federal Writers Project of W. P. A. (Caxton Printers; $3.) Under the direction of the well-known novelist, Vardis Fisher, government-employed writers have written a picture of the mining State, complete in every respect.

"And my beard's plenty tough!"



Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather, who have tough skins and wiry beards, shave quickly and easily with the Schick. Yet a boy, just starting to clean the down from his tender cheeks, finds the Schick as gentle in action as if he rubbed his face with his finger tips.

A totally blind man could shave in perfect safety and comfort with not the slightest danger of cutting or hurting himself.

Pioneer in painless shaving

Not since savages scraped off the hair with shells or quartz has there been a radically different method of shaving until Schick invented the electric shaver.

It does away with all discomfort—with blades, water, soap, cream, lather, brush or the necessity for lotions or powder. It gives you a new skin to replace the hardened tissue Nature has built up if you have used lather and blades.

Why Schick above all

For a working lifetime Schick studied hair, faces and mechanical ways to shave. He experimented with cutters of many constructions and shapes. He found that a *flat* cutter with an extremely thin slotted plate, nestled closely into the skin, depressed the tiny mounds and enabled the inner cutter to shave off the hairs more efficiently and closer than any other shape of cutter shaved them.

All our past and present research convinces us that this patented construction is still the most efficient of all.

Shaving at its lowest cost

The life of a Schick Shaver is not known. Shavers we made five years ago are still performing satisfactorily. (We have made many mechanical improvements since then.)

There are no blades to buy, no parts to sharpen—and none to renew for an indefinite time. You need no soap, cream, brush nor lotions. The cost of electricity for a year's shaving is so small that a dime would cover it easily.

How, then, could you shave at a lower cost per shave?

See a dealer

Ask any Schick dealer to show you the shaver and demonstrate how simply and quickly you could learn the new way of shaving which is revolutionizing the shaving habits of the world. **Be sure, too, that he is an *authorized* dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.**

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
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SCHICK SHAVER

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MARRIAGE RIDDLE STUDIED INTENSELY

Colleges Giving Frank Courses on Sex Relationships

How can one stay happily married?

All through the ages, this riddle, as old as Mother Eve, has baffled mankind. Today, sociologists and psychologists are directing experiments toward a solution on realistic grounds. Basis of them is education.

In Austria they have opened a paternity clinic to train fathers in the care of children. Manchukuo has established a charm school for prospective brides.

In Texas, the John Tarleton College teaches young men to be model husbands at home. Illinois and Utah are instructing large numbers of young men in domestic science.

In Cleveland, Mark C. Schinnerer, Director of Public School Adult Education, plans a novel premarital course. New York's Brides' School, operated by Mrs. Richard M. Boardman, social leader, already has won international attention.

Doubtless it would surprize many a hapless young bride seeking the magic formula for conjugal bliss to know that there are 100 marriage-consultation centers and institutes in the country, 250 colleges giving courses on some phases of family life. Of the latter, 100 literally hurdle the walls of the marital bedchamber and fifteen give an hour to the technique of birth control. Several hundred more give some sort of marriage-preparation counsel in home economics courses.

Pioneer—First course in social hygiene in higher education (1913) is credited to Prof. Maurice A. Bigelow, of Columbia University Teachers College, but the recognized pioneer of educators teaching sex in marriage is gray-haired, scholarly Prof. Ernest R. Groves, fifty-year-old Yankee, currently at the University of North Carolina.

Starting the first course on family life in the U. S. at Boston University, Doctor Groves later taught at Columbia, and in 1927 began at North Carolina the first college premarital course dealing fully with sex for marriage preparation. To-day, it is the largest and most popular elective course there. Assisting him in it is his second wife, Gladys Hoagland Groves.

Doctor Groves usually has in his classes 100 senior men and fifty senior women. Often, many of them are engaged, some already married. Hailing from small towns, they average about twenty-two years in age, and a third of them marry within two years of graduation.

Men and women are taught separately in order to obtain the fullest freedom in questions. Charts and diagrams are not used to any great extent. The chief sources of information are derived from questions and from Doctor Groves's own text-book, "Marriage."

Frankness — Because campus tradition frowns upon it, there is little morbid curiosity; on the whole, too, little difference in frankness as between the sexes is noted. The chief difference is in point of view.

The women are very much more interested in the problems of courtship and in the problems of single life. Their questions lead to at least twice as much time on courtship as is true in the teaching of men. Women, too, are more interested in the problems of parenthood, finance and in-laws.

Problems of heredity and fertility interest the men more than the women. Noticeable in them also is an interest in child psychology, likewise a tendency to sentimental dread of the childbirth experience, in contrast with the women's matter-of-fact interest in the subject.

Together, they want most to know the successful methods of sex relationship, differences between men and women, solution for definite obstacles to physical harmony; how to avoid or overcome weaknesses, prevent unwanted pregnancy. They seek also the real facts about conception and childbirth. In answering questions, Doctor Groves strives to underline the importance of the psychological—the qualities of character rather than the technique of good marriage.

No glib generalizer about solutions, Doctor Groves deals out the facts unflinchingly, likes to let students make their own decisions. Fully half of them go to his office for individual consultation. Some bring relatives and friends for advice; and students from distant schools often make special trips to his sanctum.

Q and A—"What should be discussed during engagement?" a student will ask. Doctor Groves answers: "Everything that will influence marrying or not marrying. However, it is not what one wants to tell, but what the other needs to know, that decides whether the spoken confidence is a confession or the giving of information. In other words: Do not make of your beloved a father confessor to all your real or imagined past sins."

"How soon should we plan to have children?" is a question often asked. His solution: "If there is any reason to suspect low fertility, children should be had early, even tho it means great hardship. If not, and there are no other personal reasons for wanting children at once, wait a year or two for adjustment in marriage relationships before having children."

Dr. Ernest R. Groves instituted sex courses at North Carolina University

"But how?"—the biggest question mark of early married years—is not ignored. Consequently, Doctor Groves' students know about the comparative advantages and disadvantages of different methods of birth control when they finish his course. Most of them follow his strong advice favoring premarriage examination and consultation by a liberal physician or clinic where the proper type will be advised.

A very definite contract he has to advise his students in any of their marital difficulties later in life.

So far, he has observed only two serious sex maladjustments and no divorces—in ten years.

Sex Differences—On the other side of the continent, teaching at the University of Southern California, is Dr. Paul Popenoe, of Los Angeles, ex-newspaper man, biologist and heredity specialist. He is chiefly famous as cofounder of the Institute of Family Relations, first in the U. S., which, modeled on a pioneer Vienna clinic established in 1922, was opened in 1930.

"The most striking part of the course is explaining the differences between men and women," says Doctor Popenoe. "Most

Doctor Himes (center) instils in his classes a naturalistic attitude toward sex

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educated women have been brought up by old maids who think it is only a matter of a few anatomical differences. We urge women to recognize the vanity of the male. He is like a peacock, naturally. Many women do not know this. And men by ages of evolution are the aggressors. Our figures show the classes that marriages wherein the woman is boss are likely to fail. We urge them, if they are the aggressors, not to reveal it and injure the male's ego."

Doctor Popenoe favors mixed classes, says they produce fewer snickers. His greatest problem is to find competent teachers. Some old maids are among the best instructors, he finds. Usually, tho, married teachers excel.

Many divorcées take the course—sort of a post-mortem on their own cases. And class marriages are not infrequent. Students undecided whether to marry, whom to marry, and when to marry, have made up their minds in a hurry.

Hurry—Doctor Popenoe emphasizes in his lectures that a girl of twenty-five who wants to be married had better pull the trigger fast. He points to a law of diminishing returns that gives her a slimmer chance of ever being married if she reaches thirty. At best, he warns, she must take a man much older than herself. Often girls indifferent about marrying change their minds after seeing through this course the advantages to their personalities in marriage.

"Educated women are a serious problem," he notes. "They get high ideas. They think they must have a combination of Clark Gable, Charles A. Lindbergh, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Rex Tugwell—and not many of us live up to the specifications. The course shows them that they perhaps haven't much to offer such a paragon."

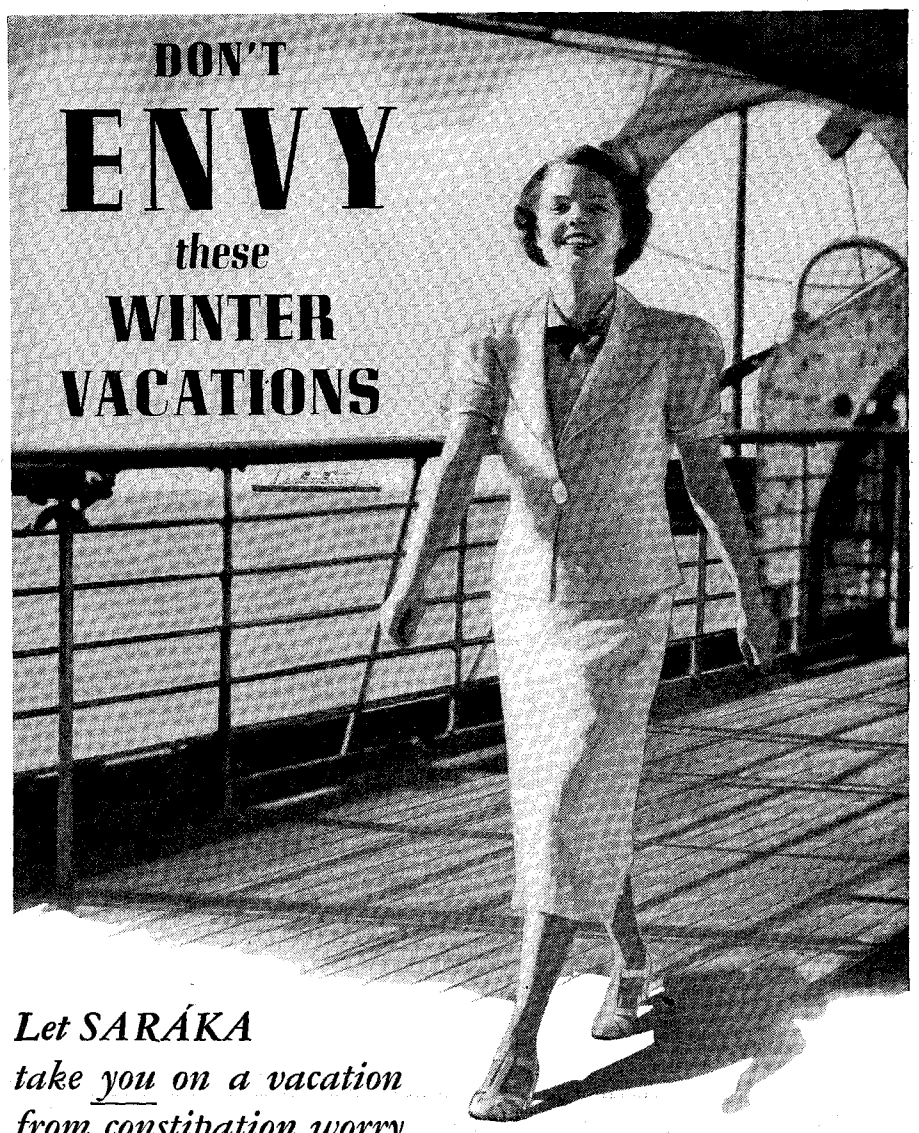
One of the most outspoken marriage courses is that of Prof. Norman E. Himes, forthright young Harvard Ph.D., who finds his Colgate University men reading four times as much in the work as for other courses, but not inclined to pilfer sex books from the library, as is too frequently done in some schools where discussion is less free. An advocate of early marriage with economic support by parents, if necessary, Doctor Himes tries to instil a naturalistic attitude toward sex and maintains it's easy.

Love, Passion—For a good old-fashioned marriage that lasts "till death do us part," you've got to be able to tell the difference between love and fleeting passion, according to Prof. Edward L. Conlon, who teaches a course at Loyola University, Chicago.

"The earmarks of true love," declared the professor, "are: (1) exclusiveness; (2) constancy; (3) patience, consideration, self-sacrifice. But if you're only on the lookout for passion, beware of anything that (1) has a come-and-go feeling; (2) takes in any or all members of the opposite sex; (3) makes unreasonable demands."

Encouraged by North Carolina's example, many institutions have tossed overboard their old tabus, have opened classes. Most liberal are State universities; most reluctant, the old Eastern colleges for men and women. Yet, last week, 600 girls were attending a new non-credit course at Vassar, and Wesleyan College students at Middletown, Connecticut, were demanding a class.

Many colleges, however, still feel like



Let SARÁKA take you on a vacation from constipation worry

NO need to travel hundreds of miles in search of *better health*. No farther away than your corner drug store you will find Saráka*—the laxative with "exercising action."

Just as walking, golfing and swimming strengthen the bodies of those lucky vacationists, so Saráka actually exercises and strengthens the intestinal muscles. It builds up those important muscles—makes them strong workers for your better health.

Furthermore, this "exercising action" is so close to natural action that most users of Saráka have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They stop thinking—and worrying—about habitual constipation.

Two Valuable Ingredients

Saráka's two active ingredients both come from plants. They are: (1) Bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree in the form of tiny granules. After passing through the stomach, these granules e-x-p-a-n-d by absorbing water. Gradually they turn into soft, smooth BULK. Which is just what the flabby intestinal muscles need. Automatically, they respond to this increase in bulk. They expand — contract — exercise. *And exercise makes them stronger.*

(2) Cortex frangula, specially prepared. This mildly stimulates the intestinal muscles to keep waste products *in motion*. So you have

Bulk Plus Motility*

This is a combination not found in ordinary laxatives. A combination that gives such thorough yet natural results that many users are reminded of their healthy childhood when constipation was an unknown word.

Before changing to a new laxative it is wise to consult your family physician. We suggest that you ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident that he will tell you it is safe and non-habit forming. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Save money by asking for the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka.

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How to see twice as much of Mexico

No way to Mexico is more fun than Southern Pacific's vivid West Coast Route from **Tucson** through **Nogales, Guaymas, Mazatlan,** the rugged **Barrancas** and **Guadalajara** to **Mexico City.**

Low round trip fares permit you to go to Mexico City one way and return another. For example, you can go on our West Coast Route and return on the National Railways of Mexico.

This way you see *twice as much* of Mexico for little, if any, extra time and money.

GUAYMAS means Southern Pacific's luxurious new Hotel Playa de Cortés and the finest deep-sea fishing in the world.

El Costeño, Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico train, is air-conditioned, with through Pullmans between Los Angeles, Tucson and Mexico City.

MAZATLAN resembles a South Sea Island paradise.

For a rotogravure folder describing the West Coast of Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-3, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Fishermen ask for the booklet, " A True Fish Story."

Southern Pacific

WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE

Dr. Alfred M. Lee, Yale graduate, ex-newspaper man and Kansas University sociology professor: "I assume that my students know where babies come from when they come to the University. If they don't, they'll have to go elsewhere to find out." And, in a firm conclusion—"I don't discuss that in the family."

ETHER BEES: Radio Spelling-Contests Threaten Amateur Hour Popularity on Networks

Running on the high tide of popularity for months, the amateur hour long has wiggled and wobbled as the No. 1 radio craze of the nation. Consequently, many an air-caster and broadcast official of late has been set to guessing: What's next?

Last week, Radio Row's prophets of public fancy believed they had found it in the new question- and spelling-bees now making a bid for nation-wide popularity.

Almost a year ago, John Heiney, Washington newspaper man, dug up the question-bee, a tantalizing contest which promptly swept to tremendous vogue in the big network programs. But the spelling-bee has hid its light under the bushel of small local stations ever since the Louisville *Courier-Journal* put its first annual National Spelling-Bee on the ether in 1925.

Not until last January did a big network decide to conduct a regular coast-to-coast bee. This program is staged by the National Broadcasting Company every Saturday from 4:30 to 5:30 P.M. A sustaining (non-commercial) feature, it had gone over so big that by last week many a big corporation was studying its sponsorable prospects.

Director—Director of this bee is Paul Wing, a bald, intellectual-looking author-actor-playwright. His first show was a word-tussle between New York and Chicago schoolchildren, cleverly staged on a two-way wire contact. In it, girls came out on top when not pitted against parochial schoolboys.* To the winners went liberal cash prizes.

Now the fever for bees has caught on. More than 100 small radio stations have taken it up, and the usual spring crop of tests has been augmented by many others in social organizations.

An American institution, the spelling-bee is as old-fashioned as the old gray mare, was originated in the last half of the nineteenth century. Fifty or sixty years ago, it was one of the fashionable forms of entertainment in smart summer hotels. A commentary on the times was the number of tabu words which no gentleman or lady dare let cross shy lips.

For years, the Boston *Herald-Traveler* has run one of the most famous regional bees of the country. Starting again last week, this year's will provide fun for 100,000 schoolchildren before finals are run off between April 3 and May 1. These bees show Bostonians fall down on such words as: *equinoctial, diphthong, excrescence, mignonette, garrulity, reconnaissance, psychoanalysis, homogeneous, vassalage, oleomargarin, adenoids.*

New York bees always have been a drawing card. The Big Town's Town Hall Club has held them annually. A consistent result: Men always give women a real lacing. Run off in Trenton, New Jersey, was a spectacular bee in 1934, witnessed by 10,000 persons, in which a fifteen-year-old girl won on *reconnaissance.*

Perennial excuse of misspellers is that in its nature English is so irregular in its spelling that it amounts to a virtual orthographic riddle. For instance, the number of different combinations of letters used to indicate one and the same sound; and again, the different sounds that are indicated by the same combination of letters.

Prime examples are: The letter *a* is used for nine sounds, *e* for eight, *i* for seven, *o* for twelve, *u* for nine and *y* for three. Six vowels indicating forty-seven distinct phonetic sounds! Same for the consonants: *c* for six sounds, *t* for five, *x* for five and *z* for four. A total of seventy sounds for twenty-one consonants!

Lexicographers have figured out that the word *scissors* can be spelled 58,365,440 ways. Of six elementary sounds, the first can be indicated by seventeen combinations, the second by thirty-six, the third by seventeen, the fourth by thirty-three, the fifth by ten and the sixth by seven-teen; so that the result is 17x36x17x33x 10x17, making 58,365,440.

All this confusion is due to the presence of many Anglo-Saxon words and the introduction of many words from Norman French. Anglo-Saxons had, for example, twenty ways to spell the word *many.* In the shuffling, English-speaking moderns have inherited 800 words ending in *able* and *ible,* a like number in *er* and *or,* 450 words terminating in *ance* and *ence,* and 650 with *ant* and *ent.*

Since 1600, pronunciation has changed considerably, so that to-day the spelled forms of many words differ widely from the spoken. Doctor Vizetelly contributes this quatrain as an example:

A poor old man had a bad cough
So to a doctor he straight went ough,
The doctor did nothing but scough
And said it was all fancy, that cough.

Much of the Elizabethan spelling (which at that period was retrospective) still is retained, with a Victorian pronunciation, but English generally violates all phonetic rules, repudiates in its spelling its own

*Parochial schools teach spelling through syllabic division. Other schools usually employ the word picture principle. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, eminent lexicographer, blames the use of this latter system for much bad spelling to-day. He hastens to add, however, that, at bottom, good spelling merely reflects good education and a knowledge of etymology.

Try Your Luck on These

Victor Heiser, celebrated physician, in his best-selling "An American Doctor's Odyssey," says he has a pet list of ten ordinary words, real bugbears, which he springs on his friends, has found no one yet able to spell all perfectly. The late President Charles Eliot of Harvard missed three, the copper king John Ryan missed four, went down for the second time later. Newspaper editors, he says, have been known to miss five or six. See what you can do with the ten words, some of which are here deliberately misspelled for test purposes. The correct spellings are at the end of this article:

1. **innoculate.**
2. **embarrass.**
3. **harrass.**
4. **supercede.**
5. **innuendo.**
6. **rarefy.**
7. **villify.**
8. **plaguey.**
9. **desiccate.**
10. **picnicing.**

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history and etymology. Lexicographers and etymologists tear their hair when they think about it. Says Doctor Vizetelly:

"A student of to-day, like Theseus of old, needs an Ariadne to guide him through the labyrinth of symbols."

Letters and their sounds have been proverbial bugaboos to literary men and other intellectuals for centuries. Goethe threw up his hands in despair. Chaucer was a notoriously bad speller. Shakespeare changed his mind thirty times in spelling his patronymic. In 1869, a man named Wise printed a book showing that this famed name could be signed in 4,000 ways.

Deliberate Misspelling—Ironically, French nobles of the ancient regime, when selected as members of the great Academie, deliberately misspelled their own signatures, lest they be accused of petty scholarship. The Duchess of Gordon was proud of her ability to misspell. To cover up his weakness, an American editor always drew a line under a doubtfully spelled word, so that it might be passed for a joke.

George Washington spelled familiar words one way, his wife Martha spelled them in another—often neither was correct. In colonial days, it seems, they were not so punctilious. In fact, among those worthies, good spelling frequently was regarded as yeoman service—a vulgarity.

Former Rep. Edgar Howard, veteran printer and editor, once was spelled down in a spelling-bee at the National Press Club in Washington because he put only one *l* in tranquillity. He objected on the ground that the Constitution so spelled the word, argued that that great document should be the ultimate authority.

Ray Tucker, newspaper man, won a spelling-bee at the same club on *kimono*, after Rep. Robert Luce misspelled it. Luce said he couldn't be expected to spell the word, inasmuch as he was a bachelor.

Sen. Alben W. Barkley went down on *optician*. Rep. Loring M. Black, Jr., slipped on *rhythm*, Byron Price on *sacrilegious* and J. F. Essary of the Baltimore *Sun* on *abacus*. Paul Y. Anderson of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* muffed on *infinitesimal*. Wilbur Forrest, of the New York *Herald Tribune* misspelled *trafficking*.

Vocabulary—How to spell correctly? Do not consider words, in so far as their pronunciation and spelling are concerned, collectively as parts of a sentence, but separately as individual entities. In this way, the mind may form a mental picture of every syllable.

Failures in civil service examinations are often due to mistakes in spelling. Business men provide many of America's bad spellers. Why? They live in an age of colloquial weakness of both vowels and consonants. Reason: haste in speech, prevalent everywhere. Some of the good lexicons open their pages to colloquial utterances, with the result that all modern dictionaries do not record the speech of the most careful speakers.

If one is a good speller, he may not necessarily have a large vocabulary. A person's vocabulary depends upon circumstances. The average man has two vocabularies: one for his home, another for his business. The average working man will use from 700 to 1,000 words between morning and night. Some one has estimated that a peasant employs only 300 words. Sounds dubious. If he reads only the Bible, he must know and perhaps sometimes use many of its 14,298 different words.

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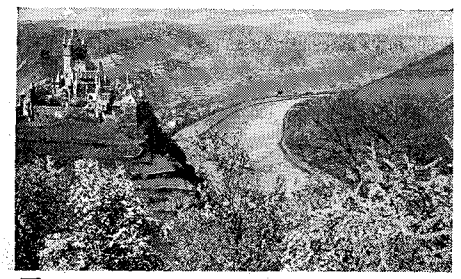

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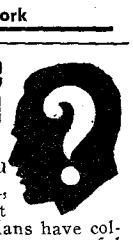

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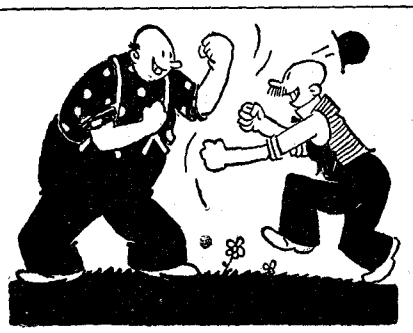

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

no rest. The language is constantly increasing. The flapper and her vogue, for instance, introduced from 300 to 400. Television is expected to supply dozens more.

Doctor Vizetelly estimates that more than 200,000 new term meanings have elbowed their way into American speech in the last decade or so.

Correct spellings for tough words mentioned on Page 32: inoculate, embarrass, harass, supersede, innuendo, rarefy, vilify, plaguy, desiccate, picnicking.

Off-Side

Gun—Budapest citizens are appealing to have their midday gun restored to its erstwhile prominence. To save $60 a year, the city discontinued the firing of the gun, a time signal for sixty years. The firing was done by the professor of physics at the Real Gymnasium in Buda.

* * *

Names—Strange names continue to pour in from the South on Social Security blanks. From Alabama recently came George Washington Lied, name of a Negro coal-miner, and Sunday Morning Johnson, that of another Negro's father.

* * *

Teeth—Because he needed teeth, H. J. Bewlah of Chillicothe, Illinois, made himself a set out of aluminum. The seventy-eight-year-old fixer of things turned out the teeth from scraps, using the home-made lathe in his little repair shop.

* * *

Love—Hereafter English nurses must watch their step, allow other persons to walk in parks peacefully. Justice McNaghten in the King's Bench Division has ruled that a nurse-maid pushing a perambulator must not, while discussing her love-affairs, push it against the legs of an old man in front of her.

* * *

Oscillograph—Pretty faces and attractive figures will not be the only prerequisites of girl employees of Cleveland's Great Lakes Exposition this summer. Sweet voices will be most necessary and applicants are having their vocal chords measured on oscillographs toward this end.

* * *

Molasses—Neither pennies nor violets were rained at Atchison, Kansas, recently when an employee of the Bailor Manufacturing Company turned the wrong valve to reduce steam-pressure. Spouting from a pipe on the roof came molasses and not any largesse of Professor Tugwell. Laundry in homes and entire neighboring streets were sticky for hours until firemen and housewives got hoses working.

* * *

Yawn—Since he was sixteen years old, Sylvester Swindle of Denver has always got his jaws stuck when he went in for a hearty yawn. After the twenty-first dislocation, his jaw became so sore that Swindle told a police surgeon he would just have to get along without any yawns in the future.

* * *

Smith—Willie 5/8 Smith of Homerville, Georgia, always gets his mail. Because letters went to the wrong Smiths, his father gave him the fraction for a middle name.

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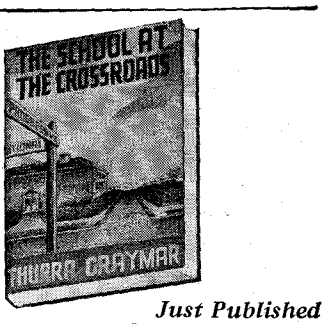

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Press

Acme

F.P.A. drops pen . . . takes up pool-cue

F.P.A. OUT: Herald Tribune Drops Famed Column in Dispute Over Renewal of Contract

Back in the days of bustles and bicycles and nickel beer, Franklin Pierce Adams left Chicago to set New York straight on who and whom. Last week, it was F.P.A. who admitted that Editor Ogden Mills Reid of the *Herald Tribune*, whom he had braced for a boost in the ante for "The Conning Tower," famed column of Pepys and poesy, had said "No."

It was a matter of money, F. P. A.'s three-year contract having run out. Said he, ruefully: "I wanted more money, they wanted me to write for less." *

Altho he spread his personality in type six days a week, few of F. P. A.'s readers knew him as well as the printers who had an embarrassing habit of calling all his poker bluffs. As he himself wrote in the Samuel Pepys vein:

"No matter how cunningly a man writeth, there are things he can not conceal; and no matter how candidly he writeth, there are things he can not exhibit or disclose."

Last week, *Mr. Pepys* disclosed:

"I was born in Chicago November 15, 1881. I attended Douglas School and Armour Institute, and almost completed my freshman year at the University of Michigan. I was in the insurance profession as supply clerk, collector and solicitor for three years.

Press Job—"I got a job in 1903 running a column of verse and prose on the Chicago *Journal*. I came to New York in 1904, and since then have done the same sort of work on the New York *Evening Mail*, the *Tribune*, the *World*, and the *Herald Tribune*. If I had enough money, I should do no work.

"I live in the town of Weston, Connecticut, but I have to go to Redding to play tennis with Stuart Chase."

But that doesn't tell the whole story. Like Ted Robinson, whose "Philosopher of Folly" column delights Cleveland readers of the *Plain Dealer*, and H. I. Phillips of the New York *Sun*, Frank Adams is a genius at making friends with writers. Maxwell Anderson, the playwright; Clayton Hamilton, author and producer; Frank Sullivan, Arthur Guiterman, Christopher Ward, Arthur Krock and Ye Olde Al Graham have been familiar contributors to "The Conning Tower."

Adams loves to loll about The Players (last week, after his contract expired at the *Herald Tribune*, he was still hobnobbing about the office). Once a week he went in for poker officially at the Thanatopsis, Inside Straight and Literary Club, along with fellow writer Heywood Broun. He's been known to lose at poker, pool and tennis, but his readers usually heard only of his winnings.

Liberal—Predisposed to liberalism, F. P. A. knows how to sympathize with strikers, and his own efforts at getting more money have had a sit-down aspect before. Three years ago, "The Conning Tower" wasn't printed for two days, while contract renewal arguments were being bandied, so this week habitual readers of the merry paragraphs that usually appear opposite the obituary page were half expecting the column back. "No chance," Adams said.

In 1915, F. P. A. printed a quatrain by Sarah N. Cleghorn:

"The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play."

Two weeks ago, he reprinted it at the height of the *Herald Tribune's* editorial campaign against the Child Labor Amendment (labeled Youth Control in editorials and head-lines).

His own comment on the Constitutional controversy:

"Our private poll shows that the nation is about evenly divided on the senility-control business, and greatly in favor of the tot-control amendment."

His Digest of Digests: Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People"—"Hya, Toots!"

His word for Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind"—"Poooffff!"

And now it's the *Trib's* word for F. P. A.

*For his column, syndicated in six newspapers, F. P. A. is said to have drawn something like $21,000 a year, considerably less than "The Conning Tower" once commanded.

WOMEN'S MAN: Stanley Walker Takes Editorship of "New York Woman"

Editing a woman's magazine is a man-sized job. To pilot the six months' old *New York Woman*, Stanley Walker, most-written-about City Editor in the United States, came out of retirement last week. To add a woman's strong touch, Mrs. Haydie Yates, late of *Today*, was picked as Managing Editor.

Eighty thousand Manhattanites and their sisters of the boroughs and suburbs are promised changes in the fledgling invader of the smart, metropolitan weekly field after April 1. More news, more pictures, and still more emphasis on the flip but dramatic non-fiction angle will be the Stanley Walker equation for the *New York Woman* formula.

No wonder, for Walker sprang from

USSR

Tea-time in a Soviet collective-farm home.

THE PEOPLE of the Soviet Union have in the past 20 years created a land of absorbing interest. They have changed the face of ⅙ of the world . . . industrially, agriculturally, and in the field of social improvement. They have maintained the monuments and cultural heritages of a long history. An increasing number of sojourners abroad are therefore giving the Soviet Union a major place in their itineraries. Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and Odessa are the usual starting points for trips that may include a cruise on the Volga and visits to the many resort spots and interesting cities of the Caucasus region, the Crimea and the Ukraine.

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Texas to City Editorship of the New York *Herald Tribune*, write such books as "Night Club Era," "Lady Astor's Horse," and "City Editor," became Managing Editor of Hearst's tabloid New York *Mirror*, then Associate Editor of *The New Yorker*. Last autumn, he stopped editing, began drinking Dutch highballs.

Delight—His new job will not be dry. Thumbing through the first thirty issues of the *Esquire*-size (but thirty-six-page) magazine, Walker's eyes no doubt lit up with an editor's natural delight in plenty of color printing that doesn't cost much money because it's gravure (plateless.) Other parts of the formula are not for man's eyes: Pages of shopping advice, with prices on diapers, hats, dining-table centerpieces, *brassières* and hand-bags.

Candid camera studies of clowning celebrities (especially of as-yet-unmarried males) and wash-drawings of smart costumes and modern decoration motifs carry on the smart air, altho the lower middle-class readers of the magazine love to write letters to the Editor complaining that the dresses shown are too high-priced.

Victor Keppler's color photographs on the varnished cover have an ingenious use: When no $1,417 advertisement is sold for a back cover, editors simply repeat the front cover. An ordinary advertising page in the weekly costs $675.

History—Upstairs to the publishers' executive staff will go James Monahan, Editor since *New York Woman's accouchement.* With Monahan there will be President W. E. Wheeler, former national advertising manager of the New York *Post;* J. Wilfrid Megargee, conceiver of the idea for the magazine.

These two started selling 300,000 shares of $1.25 stock two years ago, brought in others: The dapper Monahan; feature writer Irene Kuhn, former Managing Editor; and Dorothy Berry, Fashion Editor, who once did advertising for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.

Mrs. Yates, the tall, wind-tanned new Managing Editor, is New England-born, but started ranching in Wyoming when her husband became ill. Her job will be half sluice-gate for copy written by men and women contributors, and half overseer of the tricky mechanical problems of printing a four-color magazine on slick paper at high speed.

Religion

GOSPEL BY GAS: Priest Uses Modern Trailer Spreading Faith in Southern Alabama

Travel-bedraggled and often hungry, a succession of tireless circuit-rider preachers kept alive the flickering sparks of American frontier religion for more than 100 years.

As civilization advanced, however, each small hamlet demanded its own church and minister. The circuit-rider all but vanished.

But the problem of remote villages and farms, too poor to support a minister, too isolated to be served by more urban brethren, did not vanish; became instead more hopelessly acute from post-War through depression days.

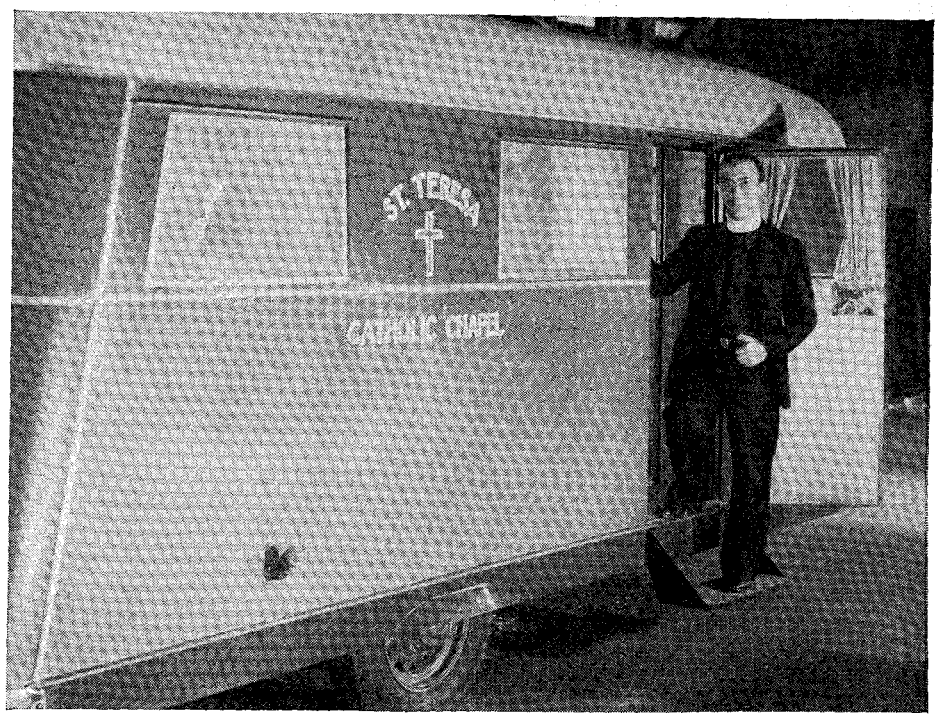
Last week, attention of the nation was called to a possible modern prototype of the pioneer solution to the rural dilemma —the trailer-chapel.

Swinging through the twenty southern Alabama counties around Montgomery, St. Teresa's Catholic Chapel, named in honor of "The Little Flower," brings God to the cotton-fields. Its pilot is a thirty-one-year-old Catholic priest, the Rev. Arthur W. Terminiello.

Missionary—Two-thirds of the faithful in this 11,000-square-mile "parish" had never been to mass or confession. To bring Christ to people who had never even heard of Him, Bishop Thomas J. Toolen, of Mobile, ordered the trailer custom-built at a cost of $1,000.

"It is not our intention to proselytize," the Bishop explained, "but it is our intention to bring to the people a knowledge of our Holy Faith."

As Father Terminiello drove up to a crossroads town last week, non-believers as well as the two or three Catholics who live there gathered round the trailer's double rear doors, on which a crucifix was outlined. As the doors swung open, they saw a blue, white and gold liturgical altar before which the robed priest said the ancient ritual of the mass. From a special compartment beside the altar, he removed the chalice and other vessels; from another, he took pamphlets for distribution.



The Rev. Arthur W. Terminiello, in trailer chapel, brings faith to isolated Catholics

When ready to preach, he mounted a small portable pulpit which swung out from beside the altar. For confession, he invited the faithful, one at a time, inside. Compactly arranged, there are a day-bed, ice-box, stove, sink, chairs, table, electric lights, toilet and wardrobe. Before long, Father Terminiello hopes to have a folding tent and chairs, so that he can hold regular outdoor preaching services. With them, he'd use a portable phonograph with records of sacred music.

Hailing the Alabama traveling church, Michael Williams, Editor of *Commonweal*, Catholic weekly, said: "It is my positive conviction that the trailer will be used extensively for missionary work in the future."

Altho among the 300,000 trailers which roam the nation's highways there are more than a score of trailer-chapels, none has been built to the perfection attained by St. Teresa's Catholic Chapel.

Several husbands and wives, evangelistically inclined, have taken to the roads in home-made trailers preaching the Word to rural folk who gather at crossroads, in fields and meadows, at picnic grounds.

Tho trailers are an ultramodern innovation, the idea of traveling churches in mission work is not new. In 1907, the Church Extension Society (Catholic), headquartered in Chicago, dedicated its first chapel railway-car.

Two automobile chapels were tried out in the Rio Grande region of Texas in 1914-'15, but bad roads soon wore them out.

Two remaining railroad-chapels are being used for mission work in North Carolina and Montana.

For many summers, the Rev. John D. Nutting of the Utah Gospel Society has directed truck-churches over rocky Utah roads in tireless attempts to win Mormons to his belief.

Boston, home of solid family churches, nevertheless mothers two novel mobile churches. The Little Church on Wheels, complete with steeple, brick-like walls and narrow windows, has reached 50,000 persons annually since 1923.

Forty-one Greater Boston churches and the Y. M. C. A. supply it with funds and ministers.

The other, a van with chapel interior, sponsored by the Catholic Evidence Guild, has traveled throughout the country for the past fifteen years.

Cognizant of the universal drawing power of outdoor services, thoughts of Lutherans, expressed by J. F. E. Nickelsburg of *The American Lutheran*, have turned toward the trailer-church as a means for reviving the lethargic religious impulses of pastorless groups.

With warmer weather approaching, other Protestant denominations got busy last week with plans for an even bigger season of outdoor religion than they've had for some years.

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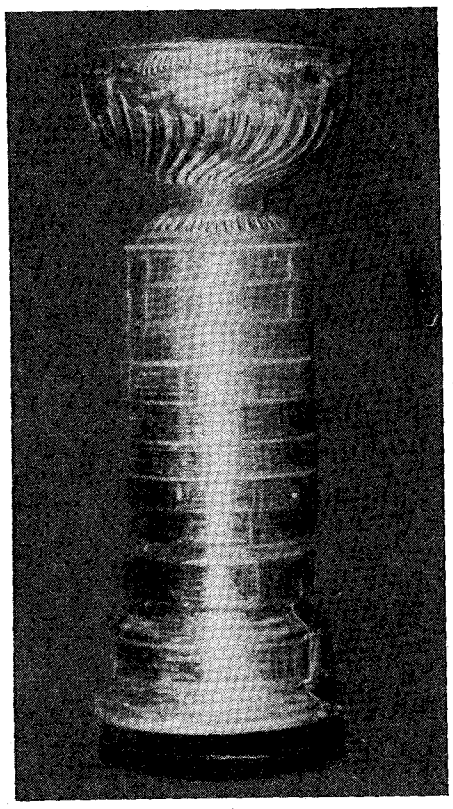
Sports



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Stanley Cup: battered silver trophy for which six leading hockey teams will wage contest

PUCK PASSERS: Hockey Magnate Plans Systematic Development of American Youths

Far less frequently disputed than its title of "the world's fastest game" is professional ice-hockey's claim to another distinction: that it has the most complicated method of determining a champion in the realm of sports.

With a few unimportant changes, the six leading teams of the National Hockey League will demonstrate that system starting March 23 in play-offs for the Stanley Cup, a battered, $50 piece of silverware symbolic of world supremacy.

In major league baseball, each of the sixteen teams split into the National and American Leagues plays a 154-game schedule from April to September. First-place teams in each League meet in a final, four-out-of-seven-game World Series, and settle the matter, once for all.

Not so in hockey. The eight teams of the National Hockey League are grouped in two Divisions: American (Detroit Red Wings, Boston Bruins, New York Rangers, and Chicago Black Hawks) and International (Montreal Les Canadiens, Montreal Maroons, Toronto Maple Leafs, and New York Americans).

Schedule—During the regular hockey season, which this year opened on November 5 and will end March 21, each team plays forty-eight games: Twenty-four at home, and twenty-four on the road. Unlike baseball, which has no official inter-League games before the World Series matches the two champions, a hockey team plays each opponent in its own Division eight times, and takes on those in the other Division six times apiece.

A winning game counts two points, a tie one point. When the hectic round-robin season of nearly five months is over, the team with the fewest points in each Division is dropped. In other words, the eight teams of the National Hockey League play 192 games during the regular season just to drop two teams from eligibility for the play-offs in the bruising sport.

"For efficiency and net results," commented John Kieran, New York *Times* sports columnist, "this is about the equivalent of burning down a house to get the flies out of the dining-room."

Ties—Sometimes, teams are tied on points. At the end of last year's season, Boston, Chicago and the New York Rangers were tied for second place in the American Division at fifty points apiece. But, because they had more tie games than either of the other two, the Rangers were eliminated.

Play-offs for the Stanley Cup are divided into five Series. In Series A, first-place teams of rival Divisions play a three-out-of-five-game series for the National League Hockey championship.

Second-place teams meet in Series B, third-place in Series C. Until this year, both series were on a two-game, home-and-home basis, with total goals determining the winner. In the 1937 play-offs, however, the teams in Series B and C will play two out of three games.

Next step in the complicated arrangement is Series D, a two-out-of-three-game scrap between the winners of Series B and C. And, finally, in Series E, the winners of Series D and A will battle it out, best three games of five, for the Stanley Cup and the world's championship.

Theoretically, it would be possible for the six teams in the Stanley Cup play-offs to play a total of nineteen games before the world's championship was decided. In 1931, the teams played seventeen games before the Montreal Les Canadiens won the Cup.

Box Office—To baseball fans' arguments that the intricate hockey system of picking a winner is a not-so-subtle method of upping the box-office receipts, the ice-game's promoters have a plausible rebuttal in their assertion that the six competing teams are in the fight right up to the finish.

Baseball's ancient axiom that "the team leading the league on the Fourth of July wins the pennant" has been disproved, but generally a third-place club is out of the running weeks before the season ends. In hockey, as demonstrated by the New York Rangers 1932-'33 team, a third-place club at the end of the regular season can go on to win the world's championship.

Under this year's new rules, the first two games of Series A for the League championship will be played on the home ice of the American Division winner, probably the Olympia arena of the Detroit Red Wings, defending title-holders, who by last week were well in front of the pack.

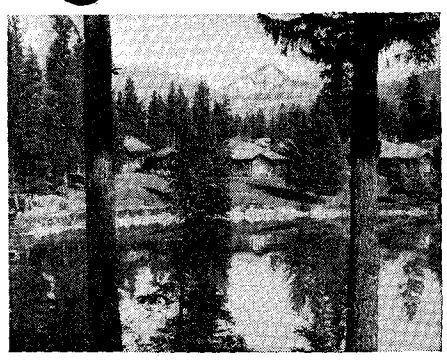
Since 1926, when hockey fans in the motor city turned out in the hope of seeing Detroit's first National League team lose to the vastly more popular Canadian sextets, the Red Wings have developed into a first-rate club violently supported by one of the most partizan followings in the major circuit.

Champions—Under the managership of Jack Adams, the Wings made the 1934 Stanley Cup finals, losing to Chicago, 1 to 0, in the last game. Last year they won the National League championship,

"TAKE A TIP FROM ME"

... Said IRVIN S. COBB

"VACATION IN CANADA"



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and went on to defeat the Toronto Maple Leafs in four games for the Cup.

Opposing Detroit in the Series A matches, unless they go into a last-minute decline, will be the Montreal Les Canadiens, major surprize of the current hockey season. Last year, for the first time since the National Hockey League was formed in 1917, Les Canadiens failed to qualify for the play-offs.

To rejuvenate the team, the Canadiens brought back as manager Cecil Hart, who, previous to his retirement four years before, had piloted the Montreal outfit to four Stanley Cup triumphs. Hart restored the old (average age: thirty-three) forward line of Howie Morenz, Johnny Gagnon, and Auriel Joliat, gave the squad a fight talk, and proceeded to embarrass the experts by hoisting a last-place prediction into the International Division leadership.

With the battle for second and third places in both groups still undecided, probable representatives from the American Division are Boston and the New York Rangers; from the International Division, the Montreal Maroons and Toronto.

In the past ten years, teams representing American cities have won exactly half the Stanley Cup play-offs. The New York Rangers won in 1928 and 1933, the Boston Bruins in 1929, the Chicago Black Hawks in 1934, and the Detroit Red Wings last year. But, even tho they were playing on American-named teams, approximately 95 per cent. of the players learned their hockey in Canada.

Canadians Best—To hockey fans who by the end of this season will have deposited almost $1,750,000 in National League box-offices, a Number One conversation subject concerns the possibility of the United States ever developing players capable of competing with the Canadians.

The club owner most determined to throw off the traditional Canadian influence over the game is Major Frederic McLaughlin, whose Chicago Black Hawks have already been eliminated from the Stanley Cup play-offs.

Major McLaughlin plans to change the name of his club to the Yankees before the start of next year's season. For the 1938-'39 campaign he expects to have a full squad of American-born players.

A "hockey factory," already in operation, will develop promising American athletes. Next fall, a scouting system will concentrate on football players who, during their schooling period, will be supported by the Chicago club.

Development—Against the obvious fact that Canadians learn to skate as children, are organized into Peewee, Midget, Juvenile, Junior, Intermediate and Senior teams, and eventually are graduated to minor and major league hockey, Major McLaughlin asks:

"If men can be developed into star football and baseball players, why can't they be made into hockey players? If they are equipped with the necessary physique, possess a modicum of ability, and are willing to submit themselves to the teaching of a qualified skating instructor, I think there is a place in hockey for our own Americans."

The only players not slated to be displaced from the Chicago squad before the 1938-'39 season opens are its four United States-born skaters: Mike Karakas, goalie; Alex Levinsky, defense; and Elwyn (Doc) Romnes and Louis Trudell, forwards.

The famed Stanley Cup was originally donated in 1893 by Lord Stanley, then Governor-General of Canada, for the Dominion hockey championship. At that time there were no professional teams in Canada, and no organized leagues at all in the United States.

As competition for the Cup became keener, the so-called amateur teams started buying players to enhance their chances of earning more "expense money." In 1909 the Stanley Cup was openly given over to the professionals. In its place, the amateur hockey champions of the world receive the Allan Cup, awarded in 1908 by Sir Montagu Allan of Montreal.

An ordinary silver trophy of the bowl variety at first, the Stanley Cup has grown about two feet since 1893. When all available space for engraving winners' names was gone, circular silver plates were added to the base, may some day make the historic Cup as tall as the players.

CAGERS CLOSE: Collegiate Basketball Schedules Completed in Eight Conferences

In a final flurry of whistle-blowing and foot-stamping, the 1937 intercollegiate basketball season reached a noisy climax last week as followers of America's Number One winter sport hailed new champions in half the major leagues and conferences.

First of last year's champions to be toppled from its throne was New York City's Columbia University, one of the five charter members of the original Eastern Intercollegiate League (others: Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Yale) founded in 1902 and reformed in 1911.

By winning nine straight without a defeat, the University of Pennsylvania clinched the championship it held in 1934 and 1935, and extended its all-time record to twelve League titles. Since the League was formed, Pennsylvania has shared a virtual monopoly with Columbia (won eight, tied one) and Yale (won seven).

Most spectacular Eastern team, despite three defeats this year, was Long Island University, which in four seasons has won 103 of its 109 games. Ace sharpshooter of a team which specialized in set shots was Jules Bender. In four years of varsity play (rules now permit only three years), Bender scored 1,004 points, 254 of them this season. All five members of the first team, four of whom have played their last game for L. I. U., scored more than 100 points apiece this year.

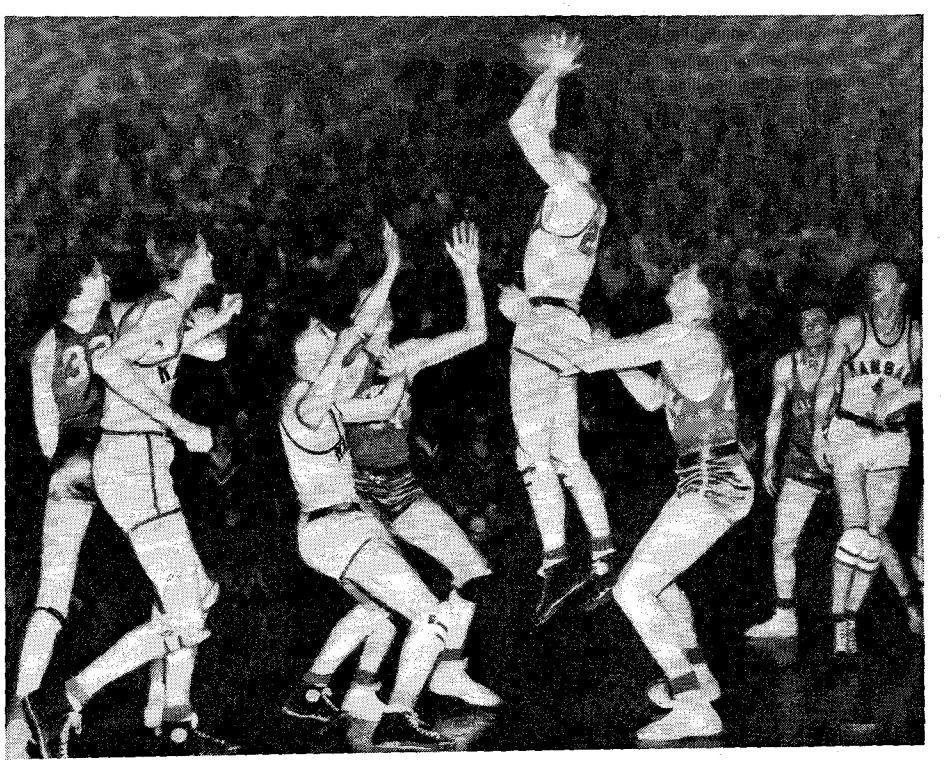
Ousted as coholders of the Western Conference championship were Indiana and Purdue in a season marked by the improvement of Minnesota, Big Ten football power and usually a basketball also-ran. Despite losing a half share in the title, Purdue acquired another championship when Jewell Young, left-handed forward, hung up a new scoring record of 172 points in twelve games.

Kentucky, which finished first in the Southeastern Conference regular season play last year, wound up in sixth this season. In the championship tournament at Knoxville, Tennessee, however, the Kentuckians swept through the three rounds to win the title from Tennessee, last year's victor and undefeated in twenty-eight consecutive home games.

In the sixteen-team Southern Conference, North Carolina's defending tournament champions again finished second to Washington and Lee in the regular season preceding last week's title play at Raleigh, North Carolina. Washington and Lee, South Carolina, Richmond, Wake Forest, North Carolina State, Maryland, Duke and North Carolina were chosen to compete in the tournament.

Kansas Leads—As has been its custom ever since the Big Six Conference was formed in 1929, Kansas led the pack until the final week of the campaign, when Nebraska won its last game from Iowa State to take the lead. In the past eight seasons, Kansas, the 1936 champion, has won the title five times and finished second twice.

Bumped out of the Southwest Conference Championship it annexed last year by winning eleven out of twelve games



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Kansas, seeking its sixth "Big Six" basketball title in nine years, finds Nebraska troublesome

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was Arkansas. The new champion is Southern Methodist University, with a record of ten victories and two defeats.

Last season's representative of District 8 in the college Olympic eliminations, Utah State College lost the chance to repeat its Rocky Mountain Conference championship by finishing the Western Division race in a tie for third. Denver University won the Eastern Division title.

Led by Hank Luisetti, sensational forward who set a new divisional scoring record with 199 points, Stanford University, defending Pacific Coast champion, ran true to form in winning the Southern Division title and the right to play the Northern leaders for the championship.

The 1937 champions in major leagues and conferences:

Eastern Intercollegiate League: Pennsylvania.

Western Conference: Minnesota; Illinois.

Southeastern Conference: Kentucky.

Southern Conference: Washington and Lee.

Big Six Conference: Kansas; Nebraska.

Southwest Conference: Southern Methodist.

Rocky Mountain Conference: Montana State.

Pacific Coast Conference: Undecided.

SPORT SHOTS

Bored with trying to locate birds in the national field trials at Grand Junction, Tennessee, last week, Saddler, a four-year-old pointer owned by Dr. H. U. Butts of Salem, Massachusetts, deserted his bracemate in the championship to chase a black calf grazing at one side of the Hobart Ames plantation course.

Disappointed after a half-mile chase, Saddler was about to return to his regular job when he spotted a litter of young pigs. He killed one before the mother, a 300-pounder, charged the dog and pitched him into a gulley.

Unhurt except in feelings, Saddler rejoined the bird hunt, most important in the United States, and restored his reputation by finding two coveys before the three-hour heat ended.

* * *

Experts, who have talked much and done little about it since publication of the Carnegie Foundation's celebrated Bulletin Twenty-three in 1929, agree the only sure-fire method of eliminating professionalism from college athletics is to destroy its incentive: gate receipts.

First of the major colleges to take that drastic solution to an ancient problem was Johns Hopkins University (Baltimore, Maryland), which has announced that, starting next October, admission to all its games will be free.

By financing expenses from its own resources, instead of depending upon paid admissions and guaranties, the University believes it "has placed athletics at the level which they would occupy if, in the realm of collegiate sports, there were no such thing as a recruited football team and no gold-mine of gate receipts to be tapped."

* * *

Last of the active windjammers, a fleet of ten full-rigged sailing ships has squared away from South Australia in what may be the final revival of the historic Australian grain-race to England.

The ships will begin to arrive off England about the middle of May.

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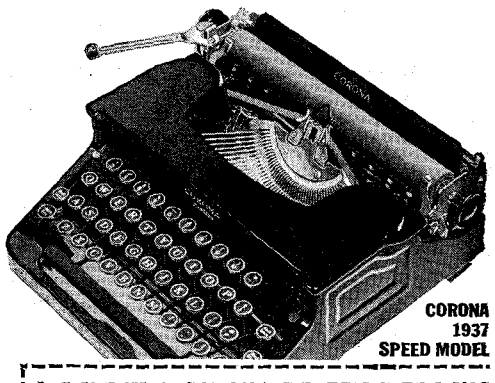

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The scientific world has recognized Leahy's discoveries. The Royal Geographical Society has awarded him the coveted Murchison Grant, and the official government maps have been changed to accord with his findings. Fittingly enough the highest mountain in the island, a peak of almost 15,000 feet, is now called Mount Leahy!

While the story is told with a refreshing lack of heroics, it contains vivid and unforgetable word-pictures: Leahy's nightmare dash to file a gold claim, fights with overwhelming forces of cannibals, the customs of the stone-age men who are merciless fighters and at the same time shrewd farmers, and landscape gardeners!

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U. S. SHIPS LAG IN WORLD COMMERCE

New Program Designed to Aid Merchant Marine Loads

For a decade and a half, *Uncle Sam* has winced every time he looked at his Merchant Marine.

The United States, first of all, is the world's greatest exporter. At New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and other ports, American manufacturers and growers annually stow more than $2,000,000,000 worth of cotton, machinery, automobiles and other commodities (latest available figures) into the holds of ships that set out for ports scattered over the Seven Seas. These exports in 1935 were more than five times as great as those of the nearest competitor, the United Kingdom.

But what makes *Uncle Sam* wince is that only 35 per cent. of his exports are carried in American vessels. From the transport of American goods overseas, American ship-owners, according to the Department of Commerce, gleaned $40,500,000 in 1935. Foreign ship-owners took $94,500,000.

It is painfully clear to the Government, then, that the United States, the world's No. 1 user of seagoing ships, is far from being the world's No. 1 owner of seagoing ships. That distinction belongs to Great Britain, which boasts some thirteen millions of ocean tonnage (figured in vessels ranging from 2,000 tons up).

Uncle Sam is not even second. No. 2 nation is Japan, which owns 3,000,000 tons. America, with 2,790,000 foreign trade tonnage, is third, and yet barely noses out Germany, Italy and France.

Altho America exports five times as much goods as England, the Union Jack flies from five times as many oceangoing ships as does the Stars and Stripes.

Slowest—The reason for all this is even more distressing than the lack of such shipping itself. The truth is, America's foreign trade fleet is probably the slowest in the world. Most of its ships wallow along at between ten or eleven knots an hour. And 85 per cent. of them are, on an average, seventeen years old.

America's international fleet is substantially the same fleet which the Shipping Board built at a $3,500,000,000 cost during the World War and which subsequently was dumped to private interests at an estimated $350,000,000. Approximately 162 of these War-born vessels now rot in the James River near Norfolk, Virginia, at Staten Island, New York, at New Orleans and elsewhere—dismal symbols of the decay of the American Merchant Marine.

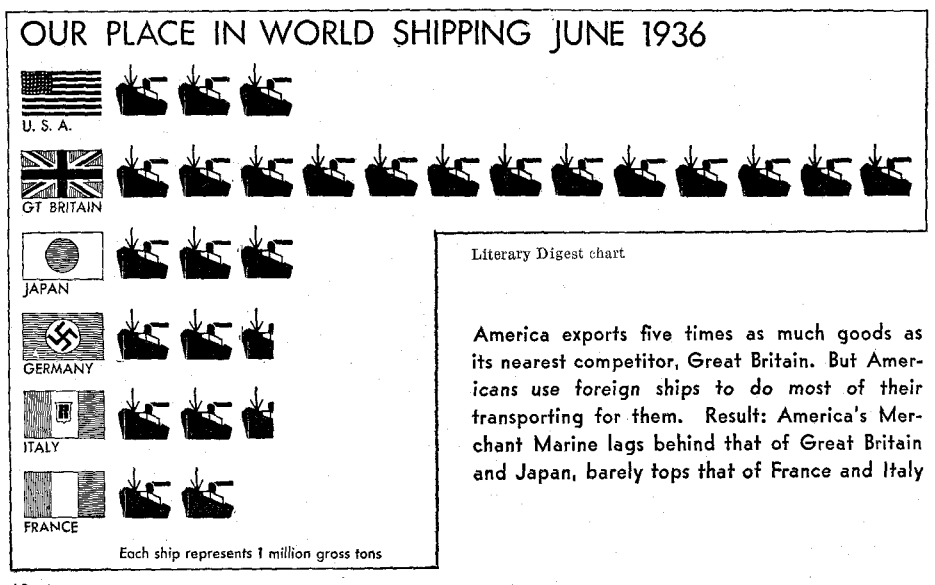
Last year, Alfred H. Haag, Research Chief of the United States Shipping Bureau, reminded a conference of shipping men that not one cargo vessel for the overseas foreign trade had been built or contracted for in the United States in more than thirteen years. No combination freight and passenger or passenger vessel had been built in the past three years.

Washington remembers the War-time experience of being caught short of ships. It realizes that if ships are not built, the country's ship-building industry will die. So the Government in effect has subsidized private ship-builders by turning over to them half of all naval construction. It is this naval construction that has supplied the backbone of America's ship-building business since 1933.

Costs Up—The Government knows that American industry, paying high living-standard wages, can not produce ships as cheaply as England, Japan or Germany. Last year, the New Deal therefore set out to help the industry directly. In the 1936 Merchant Marine Act, the Federal Government undertook to pay the difference in cost between building a ship here and building a ship abroad. It even undertook to subsidize ship-owners engaged in foreign trade.

Most important, the Government created a Maritime Commission to do for sea transportation what the Interstate Commerce Commission does for transportation on land. But only three of the five available places on the Commission have been filled. Consequently, the Commission has yet done little except to gather a staff and to undertake a survey to determine the difference in cost between American and foreign ship-building.

Last week, the President hinted he would soon round out the Commission and set it to work allocating mail contracts which expire in June.



Literary Digest chart

America exports five times as much goods as its nearest competitor, Great Britain. But Americans use foreign ships to do most of their transporting for them. Result: America's Merchant Marine lags behind that of Great Britain and Japan, barely tops that of France and Italy

Since the Commission has some $100,000,000 in cash with which to regenerate American ocean shipping, and since its powers vitally affect the business of American ship-builders and owners, the industry has been awaiting the President's choices with bated breath.

Members—In Washington last week reports spread that the five Commissioners already had been selected. The rumored nominees included two men already on the Commission, Admiral Henry A. Wiley, retired, one-time Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, and Commissioner George Landick, Jr., formerly of the procedure division of the Treasury Department. Scheduled to be named were Edward C. Moran, Jr., a former Representative from Maine; Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Construction and Repair, and Ernest S. Johnson, a naturalized citizen of Norwegian descent who has figured for twenty years in government and private surveys of trade route possibilities.

The most disturbing fact which the Maritime Commission will have to face is the imminent obsolescence of America's foreign trade fleet. In five years, most of the 485 U. S. ships engaged in international trade will be twenty years old, the age at which a ship should be consigned to the junk-heap. To place America's Merchant Marine on a par with those of the leading maritime nations, the Commission will have to push a program of replacing outworn ships at the rate of 400,000 tons each year.

Crusaders for a bright, efficient Merchant Marine argue that the United States could achieve parity with its competitors at a cost of $30,000,000 annually in subsidies. The return to American industry and labor in the form of wages, expenditures for food and stores and insurance, they argue, would top $60,000,000.

Building Upturn—The ship-building industry has, of course, been awaiting such a replacement program since the Subsidy Act was passed last summer, altho this does not mean that the ship-building industry is languishing. On the contrary, ship-building took a sharp upturn last year, and merchant ship tonnage construction exceeded that of 1935 by 67 per cent. Now the amount of work under way in American shipyards (about 530,000 tons) is greater than it has been at any time since the completion of war-ship building contracts in 1922.

But it isn't the building of ships for the international fleet that is making launching ways hum (not a single order for this type of ship was placed last year). The contracts, rather, are for naval vessels, for ships in the coastwise and Great Lakes trade.

Yet, even with this jump in ship-building tonnage, America trailed Great Britain, Germany and Japan. Great Britain, as a matter of fact, accounted for 43 per cent. of the world's ship-building in 1936. Germany accounted for 18 per cent., Japan for 9 per cent. Even Holland and Sweden surpassed America's modest 4.9 per cent. slice of the world's ship-building business (in 1935 the United States accounted for less than one per cent.).

Shipping men studying these figures see a great opportunity and cross their fingers. If the Maritime Commission succeeds in working out the details of the 1936 Subsidy Act swiftly, contracts for the replacement of foreign trade vessels

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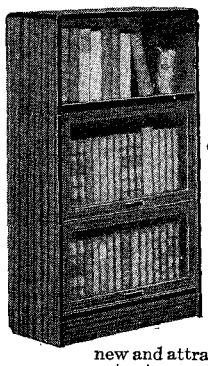

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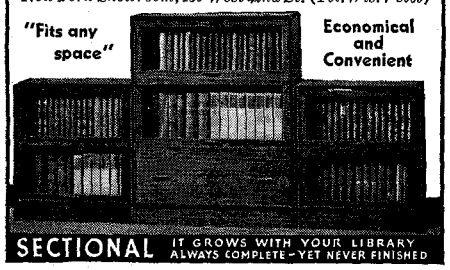

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may start to flow late this year or early in 1938.

Business then would boom at the rate it did during the World War, when the United States was the world's No. 1 shipbuilder, and shipyards employed 350,000 men. Construction would hum at the yards of such giant companies as the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, which built the $19,000,000 aircraft carrier, the *Yorktown*, and is now building two more aircraft carriers, two destroyers and two light cruisers. The company has nine launching ways, and earned money throughout the ship-building depression of 1922-'35—a period in which some fifty shipyards mustering 300 launching ways capable of building steel ships, went under.

Rebuilding—Replacements would also stir feverish activity in the yards of two other members of the Big Three, the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, owned by America's No. 2 producer of steel, and the New York Shipbuilding Corporation. The Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation is now busy with one heavy naval cruiser, one aircraft carrier and four destroyers. Since 1933, the shipyard has delivered four destroyers to the Navy.

Similarly, four destroyers already have slid down the launching ways of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, and three light cruisers are now under construction.

Ship-builders point out that there are sixty-seven available yards for the construction of seagoing craft, and that thirty more could be pressed into action if quickly needed. They are ready, they insist, and the next move is up to the Maritime Commission.

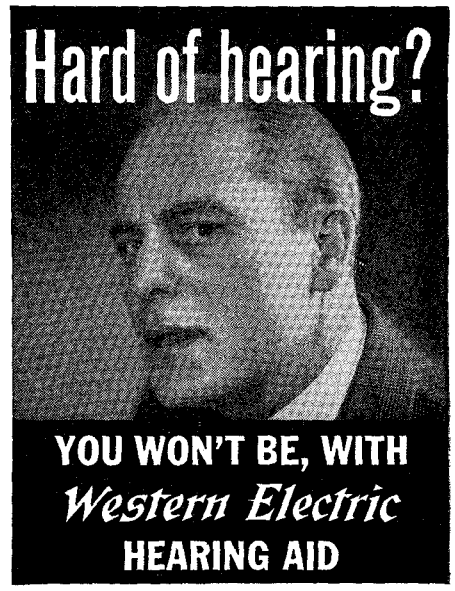
SOUTHERN SURGE: Latin American Countries Increase Machinery Imports from U. S.

Business is looking southward with widening eyes. Quickened interest in Latin America has become a feature of the trade recovery picture in the United States. Especially since the recent Inter-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires, there has been broadening reappraisal of the potentialities of the great continent south of the Panama Canal and the Caribbean.

The reappraisal discloses both new markets and new competition for North American producers. In particular, it emphasizes marked change in South American demand for United States products. A decade or less ago, Latin America wanted chiefly manufactured goods. Only a trifling percentage of its buying was of anything else. Now, however, there is great and steadily widening demand for raw and partly processed materials wherewith new South American industries can turn out their own products for home consumers.

Once the Argentine sent all its cotton and wool to the United States and elsewhere and took back the cloth it needed. Later, when it began to do some of its own weaving, it imported the yarns. But now it is making most of its own yarns and has already built up a textile industry that is depending upon the outside world for little beyond its machinery.

Automobiles—That is but one of many illustrations of the change which lately has made of Latin America such a market as it never was before. In place of the vast



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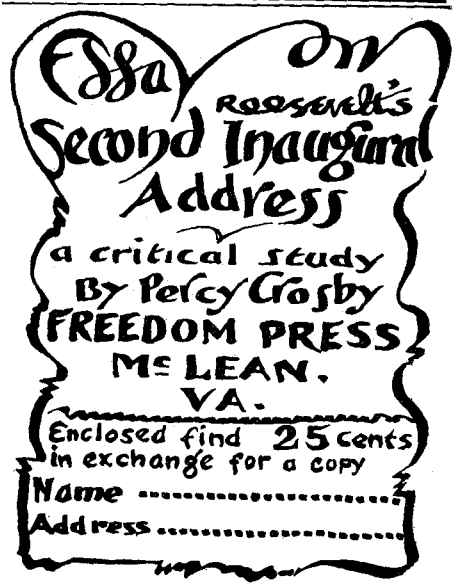

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Courtesy Grace Line

In the active port of Paita, Peru, bales of cotton leave home waters

numbers of shoes which it once imported from the United States, it now takes shoe-making machinery, top leather and findings. Instead of importing fully assembled automobiles, it now has its own assembly plants and tire factories. There is similar local assembling of radio sets. North American and European manufacturers who once sent in packaged soaps, cosmetics, drugs and the like, now have on-the-spot factories.

Even such modern products as electric refrigerators and air-conditioning equipment are being put together in local plants instead of being imported ready for sale to consumers. Nail wire has taken the place on import lists once occupied by manufactured nails; tin plate has taken that of manufactured cans, and canning for domestic consumption has developed broadly not only in Brazil and the Argentine, but in Chile, Peru and Colombia.

The change began with the World War, when diminished shipping facilities and high prices promoted home production. Later, the dislocation of world trade and world finance set up tariff and exchange barriers which, by design, discouraged importing and fostered manufacturing for export as well as for home consumption. From such beginnings, industrialization of Latin America proceeded. Now the change it has wrought in the markets of a score of yet undeveloped countries south of the Rio Grande has become a hope and a problem for United States producers.

Tariffs and exchange restrictions continue to hamper our South American trade, particularly with the countries which, by reason of favorable and unfavorable trade balances, find it advantageous to direct their exporting and importing away from the United States.

Controlled Exchange—Argentina, for example, uses its State control of foreign exchange to make it more profitable for its importers to buy from, say England, than from the United States. This because of England's larger purchases of Argentine products. Moreover, certain European countries also regulate exchange and give bonuses to exporters which place the United States at a disadvantage in its South American trading. These, however, are uneconomic and necessarily temporary processes which time may be counted upon to overcome.

At present, United States exports to South America are one-third of those to Europe. During the past four years, however, the percentage of shipments to the south has shown a greater increase than that to the east. At the same time, greater world demand and higher prices for Latin American commodities have been increasing South American buying power, and this, with the continuing danger of European war, holds promise for expansion of trade between the two Western continents. Increasing likelihood of reciprocal trade agreements (in addition to the seven already made) is another promise.

As United States manufacturers and exporters are now realizing, however, the development of South American trade will chiefly involve manufacturers' supplies, such as machinery and partly processed raw materials, rather than the consumer goods of former years. In addition, it will include American specialties—typewriters, for example—and those mass production goods which South America can not hope to manufacture as cheaply for many years to come.

Competition—Much has been made of the increasing South American competition, particularly in agricultural products, with which the United States is faced. Chiefly this means cotton, and undeniably cotton production in Brazil and elsewhere has been so greatly stimulated by this country's recent price maintenance policies that extensive cultivation of the staple hereafter has been made certain.

Brazil has a vast area of land yet to be settled and farmed, and the same is true of Argentina. In one Brazilian State, where only 250,000 acres were planted to cotton five years ago, 3,000,000 acres will be so planted this year and it is estimated that the potential cotton acreage of the district is 20,000,000. It is not to be doubted, therefore, that South American competition with the United States in the world's cotton markets is in prospect.

In its bearing upon the American export trade, however, that picture has two sides. Enlarged South American cotton production will mean enlarged South American buying power which, unless American manufacturers and exporters are incompetent, will proportionately benefit American industry. As South American countries are developed by the financial proceeds of their agricultural products, South American trade will provide more and more openings for the industrial output of the United States. Therefore, with respect to the future of this country's general export trade, instead of to that of its cotton crops in particular, Latin American prosperity, from cotton production, will not necessarily be evil in effect.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

A Federal Reserve Board order, plus a little bookkeeping, last week clipped the tidy sum of $750,000,000 from the undesirably large excess reserves of American banks. That meant an overnight reduction of the excess from around $2,100,000,000 to slightly more than $1,300,000,000. The trick was accomplished by an arbitrarily ordered increase of 16⅔ per cent. in legal bank-reserve requirements.

Clothed with power to increase such requirements a full 100 per cent. if necessary, the Federal Reserve Board began to make inroads on swollen reserves last August. At that time, it upped the legal percentages by 50 per cent., and so accomplished a 33⅓ per cent. reduction of the then huge excess. Last week's further upping accomplished a further reduction of 25 per cent. Next May a similar cut will become effective, and the legal reserve requirements imposed upon the country's banks will then be twice what they were nine months before. The ability of the banks to finance inflation will be correspondingly diminished.

* * *

Current Wall Street gossip includes many tales of how Americans are investing and speculating in American stocks through London and other European financial centers. A variety of devices to conceal such operations and identities of the operators from the eye of Washington and its tax collectors are detailed. Syndicates and corporations, some capitalized as high as $5,000,000, are reported to have been buying and selling heavily from London, Paris, and Amsterdam, having their commitments carried in those cities where high margin requirements do not prevail.

Recently Washington gave indication of plans to impose super taxes upon European dealings in American securities.

Advertising

AD WOMEN: Kenneth Collins Sees Women Dominating Well-Paid Advertising Field

Advertising and Selling, trade magazine of the advertising field, last week awarded two silver medals for "distinguished service to advertising." To Miss Katherine Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute, went one* of them. Probably

*Other recipient of a silver medal was A. W. Nielsen, Chicago market research expert.

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advertising men were glad enough to get a fifty-fifty break out of it, for it can hardly be said that they have held their own during the last generation. That some of them are afraid of losing their supremacy in this high-paying field is common gossip in advertising circles.

Kenneth Collins, Vice-President of Gimbel Bros., Inc., veteran ad expert in the retail trade for more than twelve years, said recently: "I've seen the position of women in this business completely altered. Whereas they used to be tolerated in minor activities, to-day they dominate many aspects of the business. Men are plaintively resurrecting the old saw about the female being 'deadlier than the male.'

"And they are doing so in self-defense. For at least half the jobs men still hold in the retail structure could be filled just as adequately or more adequately by women. I venture to predict that many of them will be held by women in the next few years. To-day, if I were a young man just starting out in advertising, I should seriously consider whether I wasn't in the wrong business."

Big Shots—That women do monopolize certain branches in the field is obvious from the numbers of them handling entire publicity and copy-writing departments of metropolitan department stores. Among the big shots in New York are Mary Lewis (Best & Company), Bernice Fitzgibbon (Wanamaker's), Margaret Fishback (R. H. Macy), Hildegarde Dolson (Franklin Simon), Jeanette Moser (Stern's), Pegeen Fitzgerald (McCreery), Mary Moore (Namm's, Brooklyn), Wilma Libman (Gimbels), Virginia Shook (Lord & Taylor).

From writing ad copy, women often progress to executive positions in stores. A good copy-writer, according to Pegeen Fitzgerald, "can advance forever. She may begin at $20 a week. But there are current salaries of $10,000 to $15,000 a year—not for straight copy-writing, perhaps, but for a girl of unusual ability who has ideas. That particular girl can grow into a big position that is worth while."

Some 2,000 local and national advertising agencies operating in the United States (1933 estimate) serve more than 17,000 advertisers. Excluding agricultural, business and religious publications, 667 general magazines and 1,908 daily newspapers are read by Americans. And of the 99 per cent. of advertising placed in general magazines by agencies, women write most of it.

Varied—"A single day's work in an agency job may involve yeast and automobile tires, soap and roofing, railroads and underwear," says Elizabeth Ware Devree of the J. Walter Thompson agency. "To be a good copy-writer, a woman must become a specialist in everything."

And, because advertising covers so many products, "it is silly," says a young woman who does not wish to be named, "for people to say that women can dominate advertising. They are on equal terms with men, nothing more. Any man who says he would hesitate to enter the field to-day because of feminine competition (if he had it to do over again) is a bit stupid. There are still functions in advertising to which women are entirely unsuited. They can not, for instance, with the simple grace that men can, go out and drink themselves under the table angling for accounts."

Not all big shot ad women are in New York. All Seattle's main department stores and specialty shops have women executives, Kate Hopkins, Advertising Manager of Frederick & Nelson, being the pioneer. Tops among other Seattle ad women are Sally Thaw of McDougall & Southwick; Mrs. Claire Drew Forbes of Rhodes; Donna Newell of Bon Marché; Katherine Dwyer of Best's; Dorothy Brassington of Herbert Ihrig's.

Mary Pentland of Portland, Oregon, is one of the few women operating her own agency. But in Minneapolis, Agnes Beltz has outstepped all her sisters as Advertising Manager of a men's clothing store (The Standard). Leila Bon is both Advertising Manager and an executive of the John Thomas Department Store; Helen Brown is Vice-President of Knox Reeves Agency.

College Trained—Male executives in San Francisco agree that women are doing a great job on short, colorful customer-appeal copy. But men still hold the strings on art work and big jobs. Dorothy Frank, tho, stands as a ranking executive in the ad department of I. Magnin and is sending her son through an art advertising course at Stanford. ("In one of his tests, I let him submit some of my copy," she reports, "and the professor gave it an F.")

But colleges do turn out creditable copy-writers. Michigan University contributed Elizabeth Schlesinger as San Francisco Advertising Manager of Ransohoffs, and most of her staff are college women. Nina Wallace is just out of college but in charge of the Advertising Department of Liebes Company. "The best field for women to-day," she believes, "is in shoe salesmanship. Men should be shoved out immediately; women could do a much better job."

But sex has nothing to do with advertising, if you ask Mrs. James Boyd, Jr., Advertising Manager of Philadelphia's Bonwit Teller. "The gage is ability, not sex," she affirms, but admits that women must work a lot harder than men to hold their jobs. She disapproves of women in business but herself bows to the inevitable dollar.

"It all boils down to women devising schemes to sell goods to the greatest market—women," is the opinion of Dorothy Dignam of N. W. Ayer & Company in Philadelphia. "Women did not corner the ad market, nor will they. A place was made for them because they knew more about the things women will buy."

Marked Corner—Squeamish about being quoted because she has "so many friends in the business," another woman executive says she knows that women have cornered the ad market in New York, but that Philadelphia is still dominated by men. (A male ad manager on that front, bitter about feminine encroachment, says: "Women should stay the hell out of the executive end of the game.")

Conservative Boston chalks up only 5 per cent. for women executives in advertising. But women are up and coming in Chicago. Georgia C. Rawson, President of the Women's Advertising Club there, has 150 members in her organization. And Frances Hopper is a No. 1 ad woman with her own agency, which is said to have sold the present Wrigley ad program of $3,000,000.

Olivia Barton Strohm, a tiny, gray-haired grandmother, is Chicago's dean of advertising women. She did booklets and posters for Liberty Bonds during the War, has written copy for Ford and Firestone.

Obviously, women are widening the range of their copy—and on the theory that women are the "shoppers of the nation."

The Department of Commerce in Washington reports trade association records indicating that women buy 80 per cent. of the goods sold. But since the Department has never made a national survey, it refuses to offer a figure.

One last fort the men still hold is men's clothing. Here, William Weintraub, *Esquire* copublisher and ad man, has the last word: "It may seem a sound theory that women buy a lot of men's clothes for them, and that women for that reason should write advertising copy for men's clothes. It is, however, a theory that doesn't stand up. About 90 per cent. of men's clothing ads are written by men; men know instinctively how to interest other men in what men buy. Remember that old gag about the neckties women buy for men?"

Hildegarde Dolson has proven her ability in advertising at Franklin Simon

Pegeen Fitzgerald—example of her own statement, "a good copy-writer can advance forever"

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Oop!—"A good worker derives a great deal of pleasure when he steps back to view the effects of his work," asserts a builder. Unless, of course, he's a steeplejack.—*Punch (London).*

Shucks—"You have a nice collection of books, but you should have more shelves."

"I know, but nobody seems to lend me shelves."—*Bill Farnsworth in New York Journal.*

Deep Stuff—"What did you do last summer?"

"I worked in Des Moines."

"Coal or iron?"—*Annapolis Log.*

Sold!—A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician proudly, "somebody must have created the chaos!"—*Mutual Magazine.*

Half and Half—A Mexican gazed through the bars at County Jailer H. E. Cox.

"Can you read and write?" demanded Cox during the booking process.

"Can write, not read," replied the prisoner.

"Write your name, then," said Cox. The Mexican scrawled huge letters across the page.

"What is that you wrote?" inquired the puzzled jailer.

"I don't know," said the Mexican, "I told you I can't read."—*Imperial Valley Press (El Centro, Calif.).*

Inside Stuff—Dolly Stark, the baseball umpire, was basketball coach at Dartmouth. He heard of the success Coach Nels Norgren was having at the University of Chicago and wired: "Tell me about your team. What are the best plays?"

Norgren wired back: "As for my team, we put five men on the field and tell them to fight like blazes. As for the plays, Shakespeare's the best."—*Leonard Lyons in New York Post.*

NAME, PLEASE?

Bouton—writer; lecturer—no major stress: *boo-ton.*

Antonia Brico—conductor—call him, *an-toe'nya bree'ko.*

Lothian—Marquess of—just *lo'the-an,* and his family name, *Kerr,* is *car.*

Ito—Japanese prince—rimes with *veto.*

Offutt—Maryland jurist—*off* plus *ut* of *utmost: off'ut.*

Okuma—Japanese marquis—no major stress: *o-koo-ma (oo* of *foot).*

Thom—Representative (D.) from Ohio—same as in *Thomas.*

Transue—Representative (D.) from Michigan—just *tran'soo.*

Anatole Vilzak—premier danseur (Metropolitan)—stress final syllables: *an-a-tole' vil-zack'.*

Wilwerding—painter—stress *wil:* or *will'wording.*

Justice—There was a clash between the lawyer and the magistrate. The latter ordered the lawyer to sit down, and as the lawyer, being deaf, didn't hear him and went on talking, the magistrate fined him $10.

The lawyer leaned toward the clerk of the court and cupped his hand behind his ear.

"What did he say?" he inquired.

"He fined you $10," explained the clerk.

"What for?"

"For contempt of court."

The lawyer shot a poisonous look toward the bench and thrust a hand into his pocket.

"I'll pay it now," he said. "It's a just debt."—*The Watchman Examiner.*

Slow—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water?"

"No ma'm, they ain't finished the water I gave them yesterday yet."—*Annapolis Log.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Nearly one-tenth of Asia is quite inhabited.—*Fort Worth paper.*

Well, don't brood about it.

Fire started by an electric hater, in a closet, destroyed the entire wardrobes of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. O—— last night.—*San Francisco paper.*

Rancorous robot.

An unidentified man, about 40, was injured fatally last night when he fell down a flight of stars, from the street floor to the cellar of the bar.—*New York paper.*

That's not the Milky Way.

The half-empty senate chamber filled rapidly as Borah began to speak. Spectors flooded into the galleries.—*Baker (Ore.) paper.*

Ghost-to-ghost hook-up?

For Sale—Pure Bred Milking shorthorn bull. Ready for service.—*Owensboro (Ky.) paper.*

He's got something there.

Pleading guilty to a larceny charge, L. D——, Huron, was given a one-gear suspended sentence in the stage penitentiary by Circuit Judge A. E. T——.—*Huron (S. D.) paper.*

That's throwing him into low.

G. H. C——, professor of Greed at Minnesota University, Minneapolis, will speak at the banquet at 6:30 P.M.—*Minneapolis paper.*

He gives post-grad courses in hoarding and usury.

M—— was thrown some distance, bruising one leg quite severely, and opening an irrigation ditch across his scalp.—*Longmont (Colo.) paper.*

For water on the brain?

The WPA furnished five men to aid city employes in placing the poison over the town. Leftover poison will be given to farmers in the vicinity.—*Richmond (Va.) paper.*

That's the usual procedure.

The policemen looked away as the reporter wiped a team from his eye.—*Chicago paper.*

An eyes-hockey team?

Wanted.—A live barber. Quality Barber Shop, 10 S. Vermillon St.—*Danville (Va.) paper.*

Offering a bounty?

BETWEEN THE LINES

Engineers as a lot are notoriously shy folk. As they putter or moil through their daily routine, they are prone to philosophize, if they bother to think about themselves, that their jobs are somewhat humdrum.

One afternoon last week, THE LITERARY DIGEST's Science Editor walked into a towering sky-scraper on lower Broadway to call on the Assistant to the President of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. They were to discuss plans for further electrification of New York's suburban railroads.

Another caller was in the Westinghouse official's office.

"Why, here's the engineer who was in charge of installing the first railroad alternating-current system—on the New Haven," said the Westinghouse man. "Meet Doctor Conrad."

Many an American has Doctor Conrad to thank for his electric light bill. Calibrated to the watt, the bill pops out of its envelop on the first of every month because there are thirty million standard meters ticking off power consumed to a Conrad formula.

Yet, Doctor Conrad told the Science Editor how it might have been compressed air that drives the wheels of industry in Upstate New York. He and George Westinghouse once discussed using the down-surge of Niagara Falls to drive turbines, compressing air to be piped all over the adjacent territory for industrial engineering.

It would have been practical, too, for there's a lot of driving energy in the piston of an air-pump.

Then, telling how he works as "trouble-shooter" for Westinghouse's young engineers, Doctor Conrad related a recent exploit. Called in to see why a complicated piece of machinery wouldn't work, the expert found himself in a small room turned into an insulated cage.

Full of switches, wires, dynamos and gadgets, it looked like the cartoonist's idea of *Buck Rogers* in the twenty-fifth century. Doctor Conrad listened to the engineer explain his snarl, all the while subconsciously fiddling with various connections.

Explanations over, the trouble-shooter told the inventor to change one wire, hook another to a different binding-post and shorten a third connection.

"How do I know it will work?" asked the harassed youngster.

"Oh, it'll work all right," replied the expert. It did.

That told, Doctor Conrad looked at his time-worn watch, said he must go, and thanks for listening. Then, the Westinghouse official told the Science Editor, casually:

"Oh, yes, there's quite a story back of that watch."

The story is on page 19.

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